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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At Framingham, Mass., July 4th, 1857.

From The Liberator.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am sorry to have been so long detained as to come before this audience at this late hour, for I feel that I have nothing to say in addition even to the single speech from our friend who sits behind me (Mr. BALLOU), to which alone I have had the privilege of listening. I have nothing new to say. You will not be surprised that at these gatherings, repeated year after year, there is very little that is new to be offered. We can only repeat the same exposition of principle, varying it by application to the last facts, pointing the moral by the most recent history of the community.

I suppose, from the tenor of friend BALLOU's remarks, that he supposed some of you would criticise the frankness of the remarks of some of the preceding speakers. I do not know what they were; but I recognise the usefulness of these meetings in this—they are meant for the most unfettered criticism. When any man stops to consider his words, I should hardly use too strong an expression if I say, these meetings will cease to be of any use. The Republican party meets beneath the roof of the Town Hall; the Church, beneath the arches of its worshipping place of abode. We meet beneath God's heaven, with no roof but his sky to fetter our thoughts or our utterance. We have nobody to put into office, care for putting nobody out. We have no friends to make, no tender consciences to save, no personal considerations to be careful of. We have only to speak everywhere the absolute, living truth. That is our only trade, our only capital, our only use in the world—the total, outside, extravagant, fanatic truth, rolled out so fearlessly, heedlessly, if you will, as to attract the attention of the most indifferent. That is our mission. John the Baptist in the desert, with no church to organize, no human institution to save or serve. Whoever comes here, and God has given him an honest thought which startles the rest of the community like an earthquake, our best service in living is to serve him for an audience, to be his sounding-board to echo that thought to the world.

In my view, Republicanism plays a very different part before the State. We have merely to plough deep, waken conscience, stir thought, hold up the eye to the North Star of the Future, and they must make the smooth road, the public highway, for the multitude to walk on. A very different function; let us not quarrel the one with the other. I recognise that distinctive difference. Republicanism in this State cannot afford to speak its whole mind. It cannot afford to speak even as much as Massachusetts will bear; for if it did, it would injure the cause on the banks of the Mississippi. My old college professor used to say, "If I strike this table, the universe trembles." So it did. If HENRY WILSON lets out his whole soul in Massachuseets, it jeopards the election of a Republican Senator a thousand miles west. Provided he elects to be a Republican, he must therefore guard his words, must shape his action. To-day, the Republican party of Massachusetts have no principles to represent; they wanted a man to represent them and they went to Waltham; they could not have done better (loud laughter and applause). Who finds fault with them? not I. Mr. Banks has certain anti-slavery pretensions—so he has. Do you know the test by which, in college, when they have turned a glass wheel for a great length of time, they know whether or not it is charged with electricity? I will tell you. On a table at the side lie a dozen puff balls; and when they begin to mount up and attach themselves to the moving wheels, it is a sign the wheel is charged. Now, this State has been revolving under his hand [designating Mr. GARRISON] for thirty years, and it is so highly charged with electricity that Mr. Puff Ball of Waltham rises up and attaches himself to it (laughter and applause). It was no voluntary effort of his; it was his unwilling obedience to the law of his nature, which is to look behind him to his constituency before he answers a letter of candidateship. I do not find fault with the Republican party of Massachusetts for taking Mr. BANKS as their representative in the present emergency. You remember the story of the old farmer who went into his barn in the twilight, and called out to his eldest son, "Jack, what are you doing?" "Nothing, sir." "What is your brother Ben doing?" "Helping me, sir." That is what Mr. BANKS has been doing for the last year or two—helping the Republican party of Massachusetts do nothing.

As I said, I do not find fault with the Republican party for having taken Mr. BANKS as their representative. They have done a wise thing; they have done a thing by which they will probably triumph, because they will have no burden of past history to carry. Nobody can charge Mr. BANKS with ever having made an enemy by doing anything. Nobody can hunt up his history, and, having dragged some ugly or beautiful fact out of the darkness, say, "Thou didst it!" for he is the mushroom growth of yesterday, with nothing at all to answer for, good, bad or indifferent (laughter and applause).

Do you ask me how the Republican party came into that condition? That, too, is the law of its being. You must not grow tired of the work God has set us to do. It is to create public opinion, to enlighten conscience, to strengthen purpose, to make sentiment pass into ideas, to strengthen ideas into habit, and then to sink habit into character. Men do not act from an idea. The mother that sees her child about to perish on the edge of a precipice does not stop to reason, and say, "If I leave him, he will fall over and be dashed to pieces." With an instinct, part of her life, as much a part of her as the marrow of the spine, she rushes forward without a thought. It is an instinct, a prejudice. I want to create in New England a prejudice in favour of liberty equal to that of South Carolina in favour of slavery. I want the New Englander ready to fly at the face of the pro-slavery apologist, minister, politician, slaveholder, or anything else, with the same irrepressible, inevitable prejudicee that the hound flies at the neck of the deer. I never expect to see an anti-slavery triumph until then. I want it to be part of your blood, part of your bones; such a part of you as your Calvinistic hatred of an Irish Catholic, which makes up three-quarters of a Yankee (laughter). But you must not expect politics to wait until that deed is consummated. Politics seizes the torch as soon as it is lighted, and hurries on to do some immediate work with it. So it is with the Church. My friend here has been criticising the Church. A Church that ever got established and organized had already begun to rot. There never was a Church truly of God, the living Church of the age, that was not kicked into the desert by the organized Church of thirty years before. It is only exaggeration that covers truth to say, Organization is the first stage of corruption, for it is the minority, touched by God, yielding to the majority, in order to shape matters for the present. Here, one is a majority. If I am right, you do not begin to weigh against me. My friend HENRY WILSON—who sits yonder, and who, I think, means as honestly by the slave as I do—with his method and his purpose, must count noses, to find where his majority is, and he must keep back half his purposes, and must express himself to suit the present. I do not care for the present. I spit against fifty years for a back-ground in the future. I do not expect any man to recognise me until that time. He takes a different view; he does what he considers the work of the present moment. My friend FOSTER wants us to enter into the same partnership, a political one. I think it is bad philosophy. If there is a certain work to be done, and he wants to do it, I have no objection, not the least, to his taking that place and doing it. And if the Republican party had put HENRY WILSON or CHAS. SUMNER up for Governor of this State, I never would have said that they had no principle, and that they had found their correct representative in Mr. BANKS, for HENRY WILSON and CHARLES SUMNER have a past; they do not need to say to-day what is their purpose hidden beneath the Republican measures of the present moment. Their past looks over their shoulders, and tells the world, whether they avow it to-day in words or not, that their real purpose is the abolition of slavery in the Carolinas themselves. Whoever put his ear low enough, whoever borrowed the Indian's ear, that could hear the grass grow, and then put it low enough to the earth to hear it grow in California—who, even with the Indian delicacy of hearing, ever heard that NATHANIEL P. BANKS had any anti-slavery purpose, under any method (applause)? The fault I find with his letter is, that he opposes the schemes of the slavery propagandists. For what?—on what account does he oppose them? Nobody knows. He never has dared to say anywhere that he opposes them in behalf of the slaves of the Carolinas; that, not agreeing with us in Disunion as a method, not agreeing with us in this anatical crusade against the Union as the proper means of reaching slavery, his method is to curb it in order to kill it. Nobody ever heard him say so. My friend HENRY WILSON may offer, as I think he did most unhandsomely, on the floor of the Senate, to hang me and GARRISON; but he may put gallows from Boston to Washington, they cannot hide his previous expressions of anti-slavery purpose so entirely but what Carolina hears his footsteps approaching on the plantations, and hates him. That is the reason why I would like the Republican party had they chosen such a man for a representative, and deemed that they were still alive, and working in their field and function, by a different method, but for an honest end. But when they undertake to drift from all their moorings, to go out and select a man purely for the sake of gaining the State—no other reason—not to cram one single additional item of anti-slavery principle down the throat of Massachusetts—not to advance the Anti-Slavery cause in this lull of politics, between the epidemic madness of Presidential elections, when the patient is able to listen—not to advance a tried veteran one single hair's breadth in the confidence of the people—what good can they do?—who can trust them? When is Republicanism to approach the South, if not in such a year as this? CHARLES SUMNER is settled in the Senate; HENRY WILSON stands there also; there is no immediate purpose at risk. Now is the time when, if it be an anti-slavery party, to any extent, we have the right to claim of it that, in its speeches and resolutions, in its public nominations, and in its plans and purposes, it shall announce not only its immediate purpose, but its final intention. They have not done it; and for this reason—because they are dead. To-day, the Republican party says nothing more than DANIEL WEBSTER said ten years ago. By the living God that made the sky above us, I would rather dig up DANIEL WEBSTER's bones from the grave at Marshfield, and put them into the Governor's chair, than put Mr. BANKS there, with any hope of an anti-slavery purpose (applause). It would take a strong man to sit in that chair, and be honest. Any common man will find it difficult to speak the truth in the Governor's chair after Henry J. Gardner has sat there fort hree years (laughter and applause). It has bent one way so long that, in order to stand straight, a man must bend to the other point of the compass.

My idea of a party is, that it takes some immediate measure and argues it to the people. I do not think it can afford to bear the responsibility of a meeting like this. When I advocated a resolution last Winter, distinctly telling the country that HENRY WILSON was not a Disunionist, I said it was a certificate for him against the charges made on the floor of the Senate; it was giving him our sign-manual that he was not guilty of hating the Union; that he loved it, and always supported it here. My idea is, that I shall be willing that he shall criticise me, to any extent, fairly, in the Senate, and that he shall be willing that I shall criticise him to any extent on the soil of Massachusetts; and it is only by the most relentless mutual criticism, it is only by the utmost frankness that we can serve so desperate a cause as ours. We have no measures to keep with NATHANIEL P. BANKS. I never met him within the girth of an Anti-Slavery meeting. I cannot, without an effort, form my lips to pronounce his name before Abolitionists. I should throw him aside, or trample over him, his present and his past, no matter what my criticism might be. If the Republican party stoops to lumber thrown aside, and picks it up for their building, they must not expect us to guard our words. But when our lips mention the names of men common and frequent upon them in years past, like that which I have named so often, like those we have all known, we pause. We do not judge them by a single act. If I judged the leaders of the Republican party to-day as I judge the rank and file, I would not waste five minutes' time in talking about them. I would throw them out of the window like waste rubbish. But I do not judge the Republican leaders by the action of to-day. I did not place confidence in them for one act; they shall not lose my confidence by one. "Confidence is a plant of slow growth." When I have known a man long, when I have summered and wintered him, stood shoulder to shoulder with him in many a struggle, borne the same abuse, fought in the same trenches, seen my name linked with his with the same epithets of scorn, by the same hunker press; when we have known each other for a quarter of a century, I lay his character on the shelf. And when, at a distance, he does some act, the circumstances of which I do not know, the motives for which I cannot understand, I do not take his character down for a single act. I judge the act by the character, and not the character by the act. ADAMS, and SUMNER, and WILSON, and PALFREY, and him whom the grave has just closed over, my namesake of Salem—I have laboured with them for twenty years. Their characters were laid upon the shelf. It is not in the power of one puff-ball of Waltham to weigh them down. I do not judge them by a single act. I expect that political movement to be kicked into greater meaning in time to come. I believe that the healthy portion of the Republican party will yet find that they have been misled—that they will gravitate to the old Anti-Slavery centre again—that they will come back to the radical sentiment of the State; and that they have gone off from it is your fault and mine. Massachusetts is not so thoroughly abolitionized as they thought. It would not bear the political action that men fancied it would. The State that could swallow HENRY J. GARDNER is not within half a century of being Anti-Slavery, and we have borne him for three years. Massachusetts is not an Anti-Slavery State. There is only the nucleus, the kernel; there is only a small minority. The average of public opinion is not ripe for political action. The mistake of these men was in wasting that public opinion by hurrying it into political action. They have done us harm by the unconscious, by the innocent mistake, as it has been, of some, by the selfish mistake, as it has been, of others. They began politics too early; they have injured the Anti-Slavery cause by it, put it back. You cannot advocate so radical a question as this through the ballot-box so early. It is revolutionary—nothing less. My friend STEPHEN FOSTER wants to go to the ballot-box. The public opinion which will serve his purpose never will go to the ballot-box. The public opinion which will serve HENRY WILSON, which will serve Kansas, and put back the Missouri Compromise to hem in slavery, will go to the ballot-box. The public opinion that thought of rebuking George the Third went to the ballot-box. The public opinion that thought of cutting his throat went to Bunker Hill; and if you want to find it, you will find it buried beneath the monument of JOSEPH WARREN; and the public opinion STEPHEN FOSTER wants for his politics is the public opinion of revolution, nothing else. It is the public opinion which to-day stands at the right hand of SALMON P. CHASE, and asks him—"Is there a State of Ohio? If there is, summon out the militia of the Buckeye State, and surround your Supreme Court, and show the nation that the broad seal of the sovereign State of Ohio shall be respected upon her soil; and if you yield to-day to the writ of the United States Marshal, the sovereignty of the State is gone, Slavery is triumphant, and the nation is a slaveholding monarchy, to all intents and purposes." But SALMON P. CHASE knows that when he takes that step, he takes the first step of revolution, defensible on no other logic; that he leans back on '76. He dare not take that step. Why? Because the Republicanism of New England never has braced him up to take it. The Republicanism of New England has obeyed law; the Republicanism of New England has ignored Garrisonism, because it was revolutionary; the Republicanism of New England has sworn by the Union. That is the reason why the West, which follows the public opinion of the East, is not ready to endorse Wisconsin, and defy the United States Court. Slavery is too vigilant, too sagacious, ever to let us have a Bunker Hill in the streets; we shall have it in the courts, if anywhere. She will preach despotism just as the Stuarts did, in the stealthy guise of law, in judiciaries, in juries, in statutes, in prostituted judges. She does it to-day in the Dred Scott case; she does it to-day in the *forms* of law in Kansas, endeavouring to put the Free State men outside of the legality of their position. She is the government; she can always do that. If you wait, my Free Soil Republican friend, until you find the slaveholding aristocracy at fault, until you can resist them behind a writ, you will wait till long after your children are gray. "On the side of the oppressor there was power." On the side of slavery is the government, the *forms* of law. We have got to educate public opinion up to a willingness to resist the *forms* of law.

Now, you may say this is fanaticism; you may think it a very trifling thing, some of you. I know one of the ablest men in the Republican party, the leader of the State, as he knew he was, and responsible for the position of a party movement, who said to me in the Burns case, "I dare not move a hair's breath until you give me a constable and a writ. Give me a constable and a writ—I don't care whether it is a good writ or a bad one—but only give me a writ, and I will tear that Court-House stone by stone to the earth." Well, he spoke wisely; because he knew the Republican party could not live a day if it was made responsible for resistance to the *forms* of law. But how do they ever hope to conquer? Slavery has the government on its side; it has got the judges in its hands; it can appoint as many more; it can make the laws, and they can declare them constitutional; and not until Liberty rises up, as she did in '76, and tramples *forms* under her feet, and says, "By the living God! I go for the ESSENCE!"—until she is willing to do that, there will not be the twilight of victory to the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North.

Do not despair because I say that you have got to carry public opinion to that extent. We can carry it. We are not utterly without allies. Men sometimes stand and look up to the colossal wealth of the Slave Power—two thousand millions of dollars—and say, "With such an immense bid for selfishness, what can we do?" I will tell you. Men act from a double motive. Men ride on a car with very uneven wheels: one is principle, the other interest. One gets along a hitch, then the other hitches; they never act together, or very rarely. Sometimes, in a happy moment, a man will act wholly from his ideas; as a general thing, he runs in the ruts of his old selfish habits. You may prophesy the future of this nation by multiplying its idea into its interest. You must not expect to make them all saints. You will never convert South-Side Adams by appealing to his heart; he has not got any. God only gave him a muscle to circulate the blood (laughter and applause). You must not expect to appeal to the intellect of some men, for they have not got any; they only know enough, in State street, to count ten on their fingers, and then multiply (renewed laughter). But there are men who act from conviction; there are men who act wholly from interest. We have interest on our side. If you can only get a sufficiency of pluck and determination into the minority, they can drag the majority along with them. Why, the world is not governed by majorities—it never was. Thank God, it never was! If it was, it would have to go down to the average of the race. The world is much better than the average of the race; for the world is governed by minorities—men in earnest, men who think. One man that thinks is an earthquake in a dead town like this, with five Orthodox churches, and no Anti-Slavery Society (loud applause). Why, he thinks! That is high treason in America! Thinks? A man who thinks beneath the hunker calm of New England self-interest is like the giant in the old fable beneath the mountain of Etna, that every time he turned, there was an earthquake that shook the island. No, the world is never governed by majorities. Most men put out their thinking as they do their washing, to be done by their neighbours; very few men have the industry to do it for themselves; very few men want to do it; and most men are very willing that other men should do it for them.

Then, again, when you look at interests, they are not all on the side of slavery. There are the Harpers. They count their wealth by millions, and are certainly rich enough to afford the luxury of a conscience (applause). And yet, you know it has been their habit to expurgate English works published by them, omitting matter that might be offensive to the South. Twice they have been seen on their knees, in the columns of the New York press, apologizing for the accidental virtue of a forgetful hour, when they happened to publish a work whole. Now, you would think they had a far larger trade with the South than with the North. They have not. The head of that house confessed lately to an acquaintance of mine that they sold only one-fifth of their publications south of Mason and Dixon's line; the other four-fifths are circulated at the North. The Missionary Society, that has been gagged and dumb, that has never dared to look South for fear of seeing something, gets one-sixth of its contributions from the South. The American Tract Society, that has just waked up this year, speaking something in tones that nobody has yet been able to understand, has only a fifth part of its contributions from the South. Even the Colonization Society gets from the North double what it does from the South. The Bible Society gets four times here what it does at the South. So that the interests of these very religious institutions, like those of our merchants, are at the North. Only let the North be as exacting as the South; only let her say, "You shall love liberty," as the South has said, "You shall love slavery," that is all that is needed. A man went into the store of a friend of mine in New York city, and he said, "If your shoemakers in Lynn don't mind your behaviour, we South Carolinians won't buy any of your shoes." "Well," said my friend, "if you don't mend your manners, you shan't have our shoes" (laughter and applause). If the spirit indicated in that answer could pervade the North—if, when my friend whom I have named once or twice shows that he loves the Union more than he loves the slave, Massachusetts would send him back an answer so like one of our north-east snow-storms that he could never get a train to bring him back to Massachusetts—if we would teach those Republican representatives at Washington that Massachusetts expects them to love the slave, the living, suffering, agonizing slave, more than the dead fathers, swallowed up in lying eulogy for sixty years—if Massachusetts would only teach them that, and make her soil too hot to hold them when they had uttered any praise of the Union, that would be much. Screw the nut up just as fast as we carry the building forward. I went into London Tunnel once. They were tunnelling the Thames, as they are tunnelling the Hoosac. There was an iron frame-work, and a hundred men sat down behind it, digging out the earth with their hands; and as they threw out the dirt with one hand, they would screw up a nut with the other, and push the frame forward. HENRY WILSON and CHARLES SUMNER are the iron frame; my friend Mr. GARRISON is the digger of the mud that obscures every vision, and with the other hand he screws up the nuts, and pushes them forward in the Commonwealth (applause). Our Republican friends must not be angry if the nuts grate somewhat upon the iron frame, and push it forward somewhat violently. That is the use of such a meeting as this. It is to dig you out of your idols; to dig that fossil Whig out of his grave, and set him on the feet his mother gave him; to dig that half blind Republican out of HENRY WILLSON, and set him up a Garrisonian, on his own feet. Criticise! Keep a look-out for Massachusetts! Take soundings! Find whether the pilot is wide awake! Find whether the helm sets down South, into Charleston, South Carolina!

We owe a heavy debt. We stand to-day with the blood of DANIEL DRAYTON on our consciences. I demand it of the slavocracy, who murdered him in Washington prison for obeying the Sermon on the Mount; and every Abolitionist in New England should set his foot upon his green grave, and swear by the living God that no Massachusetts hand shall ever lock again the prison-doors of the District of Columbia against the Slave Saviour of these New England States (loud applause). What have we to do with a Union that takes the men who obey justice and mercy, and murders them in the capital of the States? Forswear it!

I will tell you the kind of Republicanism that I have no fault to find with. I do pick a bone with HENRY WILSON—I picked it with him in private. I do not like his Union sentiments. I do not like Massachusetts Republicanism to be one end of a magnetic telegraph, of which Illinois is the other. I do not like a Republicanism that has to hold Massachusetts down to the level of Pennsylvania. That is National Republicanism. Now, I will tell you what sort of Republicanism I like—Republicanism which does not, no matter what the necessity, confuse or conceal its ultimate purpose. I envy Republicanism no victory that she can gain in Massachusetts, if she will gain it thus; if she will say, "My only object is, at present, to get back the Missouri Compromise; but the only reason for which I seek it is, because I think that getting it back will enable me to abolish slavery in the Carolinas." If she will keep that declaration flying at the mast-head, if she will never attempt to gain a victory by concealing it—that is honest politics. She differs from us. She thinks it necessary to take a crumb instead of the whole loaf. No, that is not it; like the boy, who went to the menagerie without a ninepence in his pocket, and told the keeper he would take a look at the picture outside instead of the bear, she takes a picture of the loaf instead of the loaf. She takes the symbol of anti-slavery for the reality, I think.

God bless you, these men need to be educated. I am willing to give HENRY WILSON four years to get him into the Normal School. I am willing to give AMOS LAWRENCE the whole State of Kansas to educate him into an Abolitionist. He came to me and asked me for money for Kansas; I was fool enough to give him some (laughter). I said, "It will not do an atom of good in Kansas, but it will teach you that you are a fool for trying to get Kansas for an anti-slavery end, and I am willing to educate you." So I say to CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS—the ablest man in Massachusetts for a politician, if culture, and experience, and sagacity, and honesty, make ability. I say to him, "You do not know what you are about—I think so; but the years you are trying will educate you. God speed you for your education! I am willing to stand by and see it; and in the meantime, whenever you make a palpable mistake, I shall say so. I do not doubt your honesty. Thank God, your face is Zionward; and so long as it is—so long as you kick Carolina, and Carolina kicks you, God save you! I do not care where you stand, if you stand pointing in that direction." Mr. BANKS does not point anywhere (laughter). The fault I find with him is, that his friends cannot trust him out; that when his mother does not know where he is, they revise his speech. Why, he made a speech on the steps of the New York Exchange—the second man in the Government, the Speaker of the House of Representatives—first in the Republican movement, officially, for he takes rank before the Senators—he made a speech, and said—the recreant! he said, with the history of Anthony Burns and Thomas Sims ringing in his ears, with the Boston pavement polluted by the step of the United States troops carrying away a slave under martial law—he, the recreant Massachusetts boy, said he had no objection to the Fugitive Slave law! The New York papers printed it; and his Boston friends, when it was printed on the indignant soil of Massachusetts, had to expurgate the foul sentence, and let it stand, simply, that he had no objection to the Compromise measures. I do not make Massachusetts Governors worthy of the name out of such timber as that! But, between the dead body and the living one, you must put fresh soil—soil that may have no seeds in it, no grass on it, but it must be soil. Well, between HENRY J. GARDNER, a living grave, you may put the dead soil of NATHANIEL P. BANKS. For God's sake, put something in that chair before a decent man sits down upon it! (Loud cheers.) I do not know as we could afford anybody but a non-conductor. When I was in Rome, I saw some of the marble steps that were said to be the steps of Pilate's Hall, up which the Saviour went to judgment; and the pious Catholics had covered them with two inch plank of oak, that no Catholic foot, even, should ever touch the sacred marble. The devilish rottenness of GARDNER we will cover with the New England pine—BANKS. It is not oak, it is not walnut, it is not maple, it is not elm—it is only pine, of which we make scaffolding in building, glad to throw it down when the work is done.

But our work is behind these men, to create public opinion. After all, party is but a weathercock—it will point which way you make it. Principles!—it is for you to make principles. I came to this meeting on purpose to criticise you, Republicans. I came to show you the work you ought to do, the work you are doing. I allow you just your proper place in the Anti-Slavery movement; I am willing to take mine—down in the trenches, making the moral highway, unseen, to be thrown aside when the road is done. Yes, I will acknowledge it all. You are the men to walk over us—to walk over us to triumph. You are welcome to do it, only do not kick us as you go. Recognise the service we did and do you. Help us in raising higher this Massachusetts sentiment. There are men at the South that heed it. I read a book the other day from the pen of a North Carolinian—a noble book. He calculates the motives which the non-slaveholders have for abolition. Why, he says, the very land that we non-slaveholders own would be raised in value twice the whole value of the slaves, if the slaveholders would only let the slaves go free. Four thousand millions of dollars—ay, as some calculate, six thousand millions of dollars—would be added to the value of the land owned by *non*-slaveholders, if the South were free. The land owned by slaveholders would gain three thousand millions of dollars in value by freedom. There is another weight of interest on the side of liberty and justice. Our hay crop at the North, from Plymouth Bay back to the Illinois prairies, is worth double the cotton crop, any year; and you may put tobacco, rice, hemp, sugar, and cotton, all into one scale, and nothing but the hay-mow into the other, and the Southern products kick the beam. Yes, interest is on our side. In order to get that mechanism in operation, you must put the impetus of opinion behind it. In order to get that opinion, every man must speak his mind—just what he thinks, and means, and wants.

If Republicanism takes office, it is my servant; it is the servant of Massachusetts. If Republicans go to Washington, they go as our agents. Every man has a right to criticise his agents. If they do not like to be criticised, let them stay at home. The politician must be case-hardened; he must have a skin tough enough to bear criticism. The man who goes to Washington to-day to serve Massachusetts must get a hide thick enough to stand STEPHEN FOSTER's spear (applause); and until he has one, he has no right to go. He has no right to complain of criticism. He ought to come here and ask it. Every man who loves the slave ought to ask it. I will give double for a book written against the anti-slavery cause than for one that is written in its favour. I had rather learn from the critic. I had rather talk—not with South-Side Adams, for he has not got any heart—but I had rather talk with Dr. Ross, with the N. Y. *Herald*, with the Charleston *Mercury*, than with the anti-slavery men and papers of the free States. They tell us what they think our faults. We have got a great cause in our hands—the work of a generation—the welfare of four millions of people—the greatest practical work ever given to man. We have got a Normal School for the whites. Our idea is not only to save the coloured race, it is to educate the white race in justice, in civil liberty, in self-government, in moral philosophy. God gave us Anti-Slavery to save Christianity. If there is a Christian Church left in New England, it is not owing to the ministers, it is owing to the slaves; it is owing to the mute hand of the slave raised to the Northern Abolitionist, who takes the Bible, and claims of Christianity that it shall be true to its purpose.

This is the responsibility laid upon us. Who shall dare to tone down his speech, to frame it to suit anybody, to conceal aught that God has taught him? No; throw it into the common cauldron of public opinion, and out of it, by the blessing of God, will come an anti-slavery purpose, intelligent, adequate, relentless, determined. And when that comes, the Anti-Slavery cause is won (loud applause).

THE FREE LABOURER'S GREAT ARGUMENT.

AN IMPORTANT SOUTHERN PUBLICATION.

From The Evening Post.

AT last the people of the Southern States are seriously looking the question of emancipation in the face. The movements in Missouri and Virginia are not the only evidences of it; almost every day new indications reach us of a decaying confidence in bond labour, and a corresponding inquiry into the economy of the free. One of the most encouraging symptoms of this kind has just come under our notice. It is the publication of a book, written by Mr. H. R. Helper, of North Carolina, who has collected in a volume of some four hundred pages the most compact and irresistible array of facts and arguments to prove the impolicy of slavery that we remember to have encountered. The book is entitled "*The Impending Crisis of the South, How to Meet It,*" and is published by Burdick Brothers, of this city. Mr. Helper is a resident of Salisbury, Rowan County, North Carolina, where his family has resided for several generations. He became dissatisfied with the way things were going with him and with his neighbours, and naturally concluded that there must be some reason for the greater prosperity of the Northern States. He was not long in finding what that reason was, and he has had the courage to proclaim it. He says that slavery is sucking the life-blood of the South, and that she can prosper in nothing until she gets rid of it. To prove this, and to convince his neighbours of their folly in persisting in it, he wrote the book to which we have alluded. He has here collected a body of facts and statistics against the economy which seems to us quite as irresistible as Newton's argument to prove the universality and terms of the law of gravitation. We have never seen the facts arrayed with so much power. We propose to give some of the results of his elaborate and, we believe, conscientious calculations, under the impression that they will reveal many new and surprising aspects of this much vexed subject.

If slavery has an advantage over free labour in anything, it must be in the cultivation of the soil—in agriculture. Here are some of the comparative results of free and slave labour agriculture:

The crop of bushel-measure products, such as wheat, oats, Indian corn, potatoes, rye, barley, buckwheat, beans and peas, clover and grass seeds, flaxseed, garden products, and orchard products, in the free States, amounted in 1850 to 499,190,041 bushels, and was valued at $351,709,703. The same crop in the slave States, with 238,911 square miles larger area* of territory, amounted to only 481,766,889 bushels, valued at $306,927,067, or less than the free States some seventeen millions of bushels; nearly forty-four millions of dollars.

Much as the South boasts of its enormous cotton crop, Mr. Helper shows that the hay crop alone of the Northern States is worth considerably more than all the cotton, rice, hay and hemp produced in the fifteen slave States, more than four times the value of all the cotton produced in the country; also, that the single State of New York produces more than three times the quantity of hay that is produced in all the slave States together. Here is his table:

HAY CROP OF THE FREE STATES IN 1856.

12,690,982 tons, at $11 20 (average)	$142,138,998

SUNDRY PRODUCTS OF THE SLAVE STATES.

Cotton—2,445,779 bales, at $32	$78,264,928	
Tobacco—185,028,906 barrels, at $10	18,501,390	
Rice (rough)—215,313,497 bags, at $4	8,612,539	
Hay—1,137,784 bales, at $11 20	12,743,180	
Hemp—34,673 bales, at $112	3,883,376	
Cane-sugar—237,133,000 bales, at $7	16,599,310	$138,605,319
Balance in favour of free States		$3,533,275

In the pound-measure products of the soil Mr. Helper proves a much more striking contrast than in the bushel-measure. Here is his recapitulation:

FREE STATES.

Hay	28,427,799,680 lbs.	at ½c	$142,138,998
Hemp	443,520	" 5c	22,176
Hops	3,463,176	" 15c	519,476
Flax	3,048,278	" 10c	304,827
Maple Sugar	32,161,799	" 8c	2,572 943
Tobacco	14,752 087	" 10c	1,475,208
Wool	39,647,211	" 35c	13 876,523
Butter and Cheese	349,860,783	" 15c	52 479,117
Beeswax and Honey	6,888,368	" 15c	1,033,255
Total	28,878,064,902 lbs.		
Valued as above, at			$214,422,523

SLAVE STATES.

Hay	2,548,636,160 lbs.	at ½c	$12,743,180
Hemp	77,667 520	" 5c	3,883 376
Hops	33,780	" 15c	5,067
Flax	4,766,198	" 10c	476,619
Maple Sugar	2,088,687	" 8c	167 094
Tobacco	185 033,906	" 10c	18,502,300
Wool	12,797 329	" 35c	4,479,065
Butter and Cheese	68 634,224	" 15c	10'295,133
Beeswax and Honey	7,964,760	" 15c	1,194 714
Cotton	978,311,600	" 8c	78,264,928
Cane-Sugar	237,133,000	" 7c	16,599,310
Rice, rough	218,313,497	" 4c	8,612,539
Total	4,338,370,661 lbs.		
Valued as above, at			$155,223,415

TOTAL DIFFERENCE—POUND-MEASURE PRODUCTS.

	Pounds.	Value.
Free States	28,878,064,902	$214,422,523
Slave States	4,338,370,661	155 223,415
Balance in lbs.	24,539,694,241	Differ'e in val. $59,199,108

These figures, we believe, would have startled even Mr. Calhoun, if he had lived to read them. But the contrast is not by any means exhausted yet. Here we have the relative productiveness of the free and the slave-tilled farms:

FREE STATES.

Wheat	12	bushels per acre.
Oats	27	" "
Rye	18	" "
Indian Corn	31	" "
Irish Potatoes	125	" "

SLAVE STATES.

Wheat	9	bushels per acre.
Oats	17	" "
Rye	11	" "
Indian Corn	20	" "
Irish Potatoes	113	" "

Add up these two columns of figures, and what is the result? Two hundred and thirteen bushels as the product of five acres in the North, and only one hundred and seventy bushels as the product of five acres in the South. Looking at each item separately, we will find that the average crop per acre of every article enumerated is greater in the free States than in the slave States; while the tables at large which precede the recapitulation we have quoted show that, while Massachusetts produces sixteen bushels of wheat to the acre, Virginia produces only seven; that Pennsylvania produces fifteen and Georgia only five; that while Iowa produces thirty-six bushels of oats to the acre, Mississippi produces only twelve; that Rhode Island produces thirty and North Carolina only ten; that while Ohio produces twenty-five bushels of rye to the acre, Kentucky produces only eleven; that Vermont produces twenty, and Tennessee only seven; that while Connecticut produces forty bushels of Indian corn to the acre, Texas produces only twenty; that New Jersey produces thirty-three, and South Carolina only eleven; that while New Hampshire produces two hundred bushels of Irish potatoes to the acre, Maryland produces only seventy-five; that Michigan produces one hundred and forty, and Alabama only sixty.

The difference in value of live stock, slaughtered animals and farms is, if possible, still more striking. The following is a recapitulation of his tables:

FREE STATES.

Value of live stock	$ 286,376,541
Value of animals slaughtered	45,990,237
Value of farms, farming implements and machinery	2,233,056,619
	$2,575,415,397

SLAVE STATES.

Value of live stock	$ 253,723,687
Value of animals slaughtered	54,388,377
Value of farms, farming implements and machinery	1,183,995,274
	$1,492,107,338

DIFFERENCE IN VALUE—FARMS AND DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Free States	$2,576,525,397
Slave States	1,492,107,338
Balance in favour of the free States	$1,084,318,059

By adding to this last balance in favour of free States the difference in value of the bushel and pound-measure products, we shall have a very correct idea of the extent to which the undivided agricultural interests of the free States preponderate over those of the slave States. Let us add the difference together, and see what will be the result:

BALANCE ALL IN FAVOUR OF THE NORTH.

Difference in the value of bushel-measure products	$ 44,782,636
Difference in the value of pound-measure products	59,199,108
Difference in the value of farms and domestic animals	1,084,318,059
Total	$1,188,299,803

Thus it appears that the entire value of all the agricultural interests of the free States is very nearly twice as great as the entire value of all the agricultural interests of the slave States, showing a balance in favour of the free States of *one billion one hundred and eighty-eight million two hundred and ninety-nine thousand eight hundred and three dollars!*

Of the mineral productions of the two sections Mr. Helper does not give any detailed statistics, but he states, upon what he deems sufficient authority, that the marble and freestone quarries of New England are more important sources of revenue than all the subterranean deposits in the slave States, and that the total value of all the precious metals, rocks, minerals, and mineral waters annually extracted from the bowels of the free States is not less than eighty-five millions of dollars, and seven times as much as the product of the slave States from the same sources.

Mr. Helper's tables show, also, that the entire wealth of the free and slave States, compared, is as follows:

Entire wealth of the free States	$4,102,172,108
Entire wealth of the slave States, including slaves	2,936,090,737
Balance in favour of the free States	$1,166,081,371

We will not attempt to follow Mr. Helper any further with his comparisons, which are infinite in number and upon almost every conceivable subject, but all tending to prove the same general truth, that free labour has uniformly proved more profitable than slave labour and the exchange of slave for free labour is the only resource which is left the South for escape from becoming a waste.

*Area of slave States	851,508 square miles.
Area of free States	612,597 "
Difference in favour of slave States	298,911 "

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

From The Evening Post, July 8.

WE presume we do not attach too much importance to an article which we copy to-day from the Washington *Union*, when we infer from it a determination on the part of the Federal Administration to sustain Gov. Walker in Kansas, and treat it as a pledge that the people of that the people of that Territory shall have an opportunity of passing upon the Constitution under which they are to live. It bears internal evidence of having been written by authority, and seems to be so construed, uniformly, by the *cognoscenti* at Washington.

This article, assuming it to be authorized by the Government, marks an era in the political history of the country; it is the first tribute of respect to the anti-slavery sentiment of the Northern States which has come from the Federal Executive for the last twenty years. After a contest conducted with great bitterness, and, so far as the North was concerned, under every imaginable disadvantage, we have to-day to record the very first act of any Federal Administration wearing an aspect of resistance to the pro-slavery policy of the Southern oligarchy. The *quietus* which Gen. Jackson gave to the nullifiers in 1836, though a blow to the same political interest as that which has had the control of the Government for the last few years, arose upon altogether a different issue, and, therefore, does not deserve to be regarded as an exception. Mr. Buchanan and his advisers, in the article to which we refer, have deliberately sounded a retreat from the ground which was occupied by the late Administration; they admit that the circumstances under which the late legislative government of Kansas was imposed upon its people were unpopular, and never could command their general obedience or respect; and in spite of the threats and denunciations of the Southern press, they recognise the necessity of giving the people of the Territory an opportunity of approving or of rejecting the Constitution which a Convention elected under that organization should provide. Such a submission to the popular voice was not provided for nor even contemplated, so far as we can discern, by Congress; no such concession was ever dreamed of by the late Administration, who spared neither bribes nor blood to silence the speech and bind the hands of the Free State settlers, who sought at the ballot-box and with the press to keep slaves out of the Territory. But we have had a Presidential election in the country lately, and a state of feeling has been revealed which Mr. Buchanan, we begin to think, has had the good sense to profit by. He has discovered—so we suspect—that the government of this country cannot be conducted any longer under a slavery-extension policy; that the nearest approach to it that our people will bear is a rigorous neutrality, and for that he is steering. To reach it he will be obliged to take several steps back. The first we have to-day the pleasure of recording. We hail the omen. May he select for his motto the words inscribed by the ancients upon the pillars of Hercules, *Plus ultra*. If so, he will be able to do what no President of late years has done (and for an obvious reason)—he will lay down his office more respected than when he assumed it.

But the question which will soon be in every man's mouth is, will the President have the courage to meet and brave the assault which the policy here indicated is sure to bring upon him? Nearly every leading Administration journal is committed against Walker's course, and most of them, such as the Charleston *Mercury*, the Richmond *South*, the Washington *States*, and the Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana presses, have very generally denounced it in terms which will compel them hereafter to occupy an attitude of hostility to the Governor and to any party that sustains him. The State Legislatures have expressed similar opinions, and others may follow their example. Has the President the firmness necessary to stand to his colours, and risk a second dismemberment of his party? If not, he is ruined. If he has, the force of circumstances will give him one of the finest historical positions occupied by any President.

In either case, whether he is or is not equal to the emergency, he is at least able to mark the change of current which has taken place, and to show to the future student of history when slavery ceased to be protected by the Federal Government as national, and freedom to be proscribed as sectional.

From The Washington Union, July 7.

WE have witnessed with unfeigned regret the spirit in which nearly the whole Southern press has received and treated the inaugural address of Governor Walker of Kansas. From the Know-Nothing opposition press we had little else to expect; but it is rather more serious to see that the Democratic press are by no means unanimous in the view they take of his conduct. It is a still more important fact that two Democratic State Conventions—one in Georgia and one in Mississippi—have taken strong exceptions to certain expressions in Gov. Walker's inaugural address. The Georgia Convention goes further, and concludes its censure by expressing the belief that he will be removed. It is natural enough that this state of things should afford a great deal of malicious pleasure to Northern Abolitionists as well as to Southern Know-Nothings. They hunt in couples, and have a common political interest in pulling down the only party which defends the Constitution *at all points*.

The course which we are quite sure Mr. Buchanan will take in dealing with this whole Kansas affair is a very plain one. His path is so clearly marked out by principle that a statesman with the thousandth part of his sagacity could not fail to see it. That he would wilfully turn aside from what he knows to be his duty is a slander on his character which we think his worst enemy is not base enough to utter. He will not forfeit the high place to which his past life entitles him in the history of his country by an act of treachery to the principles which carried him into office. The American people were never safer than they are at this moment in relying on the wisdom and integrity of their Chief Magistrate.

The Georgia resolutions assail Gov. Walker on two points: 1, he advocated the submission of the Constitution to a direct vote of the people; and, 2, he furnished arguments in favour of making Kansas a free State. On both these points we have some opinions which we propose to record now and here.

We do not understand our Georgia friends to find fault with the general doctrine that the people of Kansas have the power to decide the question of slavery for themselves by inserting in their Constitution whatever provision on that subject they think proper. This is a proposition which no man can deny and call himself a Democrat or friend of the Constitution and laws. It was the Shibboleth of the party in the canvass of 1856, as it had been in many a contest before that. It was embodied in the Compromise measures of 1850; it was made part of the Kansas-Nebraska bill itself; it was incorporated in the Cincinnati platform; the candidates of the party were pledged to it; the speakers and writers of the party pleaded for it, and it was unanimously adopted by the masses of the party at the polls. Beside all this, the Supreme Court have established it as the law of the land by demonstrating that the power of deciding upon the subject of slavery does not exist anywhere else.

Even if we had not these overwhelming authorities to back us—if it were proper to reargue upon original principles a question that has been settled by Congress, assented to by the people, and sanctioned by the solemn judgment of the highest official tribunal in the world—still we think it would require but little dialectic skill to show the justice and necessity of it so plainly that no one could deny it who has sense enough to know his right hand from his left.

The contrary doctrine is the exclusive property of our Northern anti-slavery opponents. If Kansas shall come to Congress and ask for admission with a Constitution made in pursuance of legal authority not inconsistent with the fundamental law of the Union, and approved by her own people, all sound men will say admit her. The Abolitionists alone would throw her Constitution back into her face if its provisions on the subject of slavery did not please them. They alone would say to her people: "You have made a Constitution which suits your own wants and wishes, but we have other views, and we are your masters. You must disregard your own opinions and conform wholly to ours." Those who sincerely believe that Congress ought to speak thus have no reason for it but the insane hatred and prejudice against Southern men with which they are saturated from the crown to the toe.

Will Mr. Buchanan, in any event, take the abolition side of the question? Will he be found arraying his power and influence against his own sense of right and duty, and against justice, reason, the law and the Constitution? Would he lend his brow to the shame with which such an act must blacken it forever? Would he "sell the mighty space of his large honours" for anything that his weak and impotent enemies might offer? No; the Democracy of the whole country, North and South, have been true to him, and he will be true to them.

We repeat that the Constitution of Kansas must come from the people of Kansas. Other power to make such an instrument there is not under Heaven.

But the Georgia Convention, without denying this great principle, seems to think that the Constitution of Kansas ought not to be submitted to a direct vote of the people in their primary capacity. We admit that this is not in all cases a *sine qua non*. It is a fair presumption (if there be no circumstances to repel it) that a Convention of delegates chosen by the people will act in accordance with the will of their constituents. When, therefore, there is no serious dispute upon the Constitution, either in the Convention or among the people, the power of the delegates alone may put it in operation. But such is not the case in Kansas. The most violent struggle this country ever saw upon the most important issue which the Constitution is to determine has been going on there for several years, between parties so evenly balanced that both claim the majority, and so hostile to one another that numerous lives have been lost in the contest.

Under these circumstances there can be no such thing as ascertaining clearly and without doubt the will of the people in any way, except by their own direct expression of it at the polls. A Constitution not subjected to that test, no matter what it contains, will never be acknowledged anything else but a fraud. A plausible colour might be given to this assertion by the argument that the members of the Convention could have no motive for refusing to submit their work to their constituents, except a consciousness that the majority would condemn it. We confess that we should find some difficulty in answering this. What other motive could they have?

We do most devoutly believe that, unless the Constitution of Kansas be submitted to a direct vote of the people, the unhappy controversy which has heretofore raged in that Terrritory will be prolonged for an indefinite time to come. We are equally well convinced that the will of the majority, whether it be for or against slavery, will finally triumph, though it may be after years of strife, disastrous to the best interests of the country, and dangerous, it may be, to the peace and safety of the whole Union.

Again: This movement of the Territorial authorities to form a Constitution is made, not in the regular way, in pursuance of an enabling and authorizing act of Congress, but in the mere motion of the Territorial Legislature itself. Nay, it has been begun and carried on in the teeth of a refusal by Congress to pass such an act. This irregularity is not fatal. There are other cases in which it was overlooked. But it can be waived only in consideration of the fact that the people have expressed their will in unmistakable language. If we dispense with the legal forms of proceeding, we must have the substance.

We think, for these reasons, that Gov. Walker, in advocating a submission of the Constitution to a vote of the people, acted with wisdom and justice, and followed the only line of policy which promises to settle this vexed question either rightly or satisfactorily. In this respect at least he has done nothing worthy of death or bonds.

But who are the people? What shall be the qualifications of a voter on the Constitution when it comes to be submitted? We answer that this is for the Convention to settle. Those who think that the Convention might declare the Constitution in full force by virtue of their own will, can hardly deny that they might append to it a condition requiring it to be first approved by the people. If they can do this, they can also say what classes of persons shall be counted as being part of the people. The Convention that formed the Federal Constitution exercised this power when they referred it to their constituents (the States), and prescribed that their approbation should be given or withheld by State Conventions. The Constitution of Virginia was submitted to the votes of men enfranchised by the Convention for the first time. Of course, the Kansas Convention will see that every proper guard is thrown around the legal voter, and that his *bona fide* intention to remain in the Territory is tested by a previous residence of sufficient

length. We should say that the qualifications required to make a legal voter under the Constitution ought to entitle an inhabitant to vote upon it—for or against its doption.

But there is another accusation against the Governor of Kansas. He has argued the Free State side of the question. We quote all the part of the inaugural on which this charge is based. Here it is:

[We omit the extract, the substance being given in what follows.]

When we take these paragraphs and compress the meaning of them into short sentences, they amount to this: The question of slavery has always been, and always will be, settled by certain laws of nature, which are above all human legislation. If those laws of nature shall so operate upon Kansas as to make her a free State, all legislation in the other direction will be vain. This was rather expressing a truism than making an argument. The propriety, however, and timeliness of uttering such a truism then and there, are subjects on which we affirm nothing and deny nothing. We are too far away, and know too little of the circumstances with which he was surrounded, to be a competent judge of his conduct in a matter so nice as this.

But there are certain considerations which will insure Gov. Walker a just, if not a kind, judgment from every fair-minded man, especially in the South. A Southern man himself, he has been a uniform and consistent champion of Southern rights. The extremest men of that section pressed him upon Mr. Buchanan for the highest place in his cabinet. He is, besides, an able, far-seeing and sagacious statesman, as little likely as any other in the country to impale himself upon a point of mere prudence. This alone might raise a presumption that he neither did harm nor intended any to any Southern interests. But when we see, in addition to this, that he is actively coöperating with the Democratic party in Kansas, including all the pro-slavery men in the Territory; when we find his whole course sustained by the pro-slavery presses there; when we hear no complaint whatever from the quarter whence complaint ought to come, if there were any cause for it, we are constrained to think that the Georgia and Mississippi Democracy have pronounced their judgment rather hastily.

Governor Walker is a Southern man; he has been sent out by an Administration pledged to the defence of Southern rights; he is surrounded by a corps of officers, most of them from the South, and every one of them sound national men; he was instructed to regard the territorial authorities as legal, and sustain them against the rebellion of the Topeka Abolitionists; he is acting in concert with the friends of the South, and gallantly fighting their enemies. We cannot help but think that such a man, so sent, so instructed, so surrounded, and so acting, is entitled to sympathy, comfort and aid from the South whenever they can be given with a conscientious regard to truth. With such a battle raging in his front, it was harsh and ungracious to open this fire on his rear.

[The *Providence Journal*, as will be seen by what follows, does not agree with the *Evening Post* in the construction it puts upon the above article from the *Union*. Instead of regarding it as an indication that the tide of Democratic subserviency to slavery has reached a turning point, it sees therein only a new exhibition of slaveholding duplicity and fraud.]

We do not put upon the article in the Washington *Union*, from which we quoted yesterday, the construction that is given to it by other and better informed papers. It is generally regarded as a declaration on the part of the Administration that Gov. Walker shall be sustained in the policy of submitting the Constitution of Kansas to the people, and of securing to the electors as fair a vote as is consistent with the laws that forbid speaking or writing on the great question at issue, and with the state of society where lynching and murder are the common political arguments of the minority backed by the government. The article is regarded as in some sort a notification to "the extremest men of the South" that there really is a depth of subserviency below which the Administration will not descend in obedience to the demands of slavery and nullification. We hope that this construction may prove the correct one; but we confess that we are not able to see it in that light. It looks to us like an entreaty to the South to trust in the disposition of the Administration to do everything that can be done, right or wrong, legal or illegal, so long as the legality can be covered up, to force slavery upon Kansas, and to stop only at the point where there is a reasonable apprehension that violent and fraudulent measures will react upon the cause in which they are employed. It reads to us like a prudent conspirator against the rights and liberties of the people reasoning with a wild and impetuous one, who is in danger of overthrowing the whole plot by his ungovernable eagerness.

In either case there is to be a division of the Democratic party. The Administration may take sides with the faction that is in favour of extending slavery by force, or with that which is in favour of employing only fraud. It cannot go with both, nor can all the power and patronage of the General Government unite them. The *Union* even, finds it impossible to speak to both parties in the same article, and is driven to the necessity of giving a column to the policy of force one day, and an equal space to the policy of fraud the next day. It is only a few days ago that it said:

"The Democratic conservative portion of the country will regard as the people of Kansas only such as are now uniting to frame a form of government in accordance with the provisions of law, and not those who are seeking to paralyze the popular will by illegal subterfuges and the quibbles of fanaticism.

"Whatever the Constitution may be—whether recognising or excluding slavery, or silent in regard to the institution—it will be viewed as the expression of the will of the people of Kansas, as those who frame it will act under the Federal Constitution, and in a manner recognised by the organic law."

That is, the Administration will recognise as the people only those who have consented to vote under the bogus law, and who constitute about one-tenth of the electors. On which side the next article will be remains to be seen.

The whole history of the aggression of slavery and of the submission of the Democratic party has been to take each concession as the starting point for a new compromise between what has already been granted and what is again demanded. Each compromise is put forward as a settlement of the question, and on each compromise the "extremest men of the South" plant themselves as on an established right, and demand a new compromise still farther in the direction of the theory that slavery is the natural condition of man.

OREGON AND SLAVERY.

From The Charleston Mercury, June 24.

We have been kindly favoured with a letter containing the following extract, just received from Oregon Territory. It is from a gentleman of the highest respectability and position, and exhibits the views of the settlers in reference to slavery, considered as a practical institution. As long as negroes rule at present high prices we have no faith in their introduction into Oregon. But this statement goes far to show the recognised advantages of the institution, and the sickly sentimentality of its opponents. Northern men are not slow to see the truth and recognise it, when their interest does not lie in the opposite direction, and their sectional prejudice is not stirred up. Here is a practical demonstration of their sagacity:

Astoria, O. T. April 20, 1857.

We shall have warm times in this Territory until we are admitted into the Union as a State. The slavery question will swallow up every other consideration, and you need not be surprised if Oregon knocks for admission with a pro-slavery Constitution. The difficulty of obtaining labourers and family servants is working a great change in the feelings of even Northern people settled here, throughout the farming portions of the country, and the mining regions are almost unanimous for slavery. There will be some howling done by the negro worshippers here before we get through the fight. I shall go for slavery myself; for I, together with my wife, have become tired of doing the work for which negroes only are by nature made and constituted. The present price of labour here will keep us down for a generation, unless we are permitted to purchase slaves from the States and hold them. In such an event we will make Oregon shove ahead, and soon have a better state of society than we now have.

From The Christian Advocate and Journal.

There has been much alarm expressed in our political papers respecting the introduction of slavery into Oregon. A late number of *Harper's Weekly* said: "The question of slavery will be submitted to the people, and the result is very doubtful. Unquestionably the pro-slavery party are gaining ground and numbers. The large donations of land to early settlers (640 acres), with the sparse population, will greatly influence many to vote for it who otherwise would not."

Our brother editor of the *Pacific Christian Advocate* replies to this misrepresentation, "to record," he says, "our utter dissent from the statement, that the 'pro-slavery party are gaining ground and numbers.' We believe the reverse is the fact. Yet, doubtless, Oregon will be made, for the next few months, a text for a thousand and one newspaper lamentations over its degeneracy. We find, in four other of our exchanges from the States, predictions, or declarations, concerning the probability that Oregon will seek admission as a slave State. In one of them, the *New York Tribune* (we are told, we have not seen them), are letters 'from Oregon, by the last mail, containing the information that the Territory, hitherto put down as certain for freedom, will present herself to the next Congress for admission into the Union, with a slaveholding Constitution.' In another of these four papers, the *National Era*, of the 26th of March, is a long letter, writtten by one who has lived 'on the Pacific for many years,' in which it is averred that leading politicians in the Territory have been working, for six years, to ingraft slavery upon the State Constitution. All we care to say, in reply to such assertions, is, that if they are true, those persons have been very sly, so much so, that none here, or comparatively none, have ever learned the fact; nor are they true: so far as we know, and our opportunities of knowing are probably as good as those of the person who writes the letter to *Harper's Weekly*, *there are no leading politicians in the Territory who are in favour of slavery here*. We do not see what is to be gained by such statements."

We prefer the testimony of our Oregonian brother editor to these vagrant reports. It would be indeed inconceivable that Oregon should welcome slavery; it would isolate her from the advantages of immigration; it would be a sheer curse, without a single advantage, and without one justification from precedent and uncontrollable circumstances, such as Southern men allege for themselves.

From The Tribune.

The new doctrines of the Democratic party evolved in the Nebraska bill and the Dred Scott decision—or rather, the new Democratic party which has been organised on the basis of those demonstrations—are making their mark in Oregon. That Territory has been from its organization under the rule of the "National Democracy," and has uniformly sent Delegates to Congress of Northern origin, but intensely pro-slavery ideas and associations. The last and worst of these is Joe Lane, who was sent out as Governor, and soon secured the post of Delegate, to which, through the distraction and heedlessness rather than the weakness of the Opposition, he has just been reëlected. Now Oregon is preparing to come into the Union, and great exertions are put forth, under Lane's auspices, to have her come in a slave State. The "National Democracy," in their Convention, resolved to leave the question of Slavery or No Slavery an open one, and its spokesmen are now taking ground openly for slavery. Thus, at a recent discussion at Jacksonville, a week prior to the choice of Delegates to the Convention, a young Democratic lawyer from Ohio named Deady, who is styled Judge, thus delivered himself:

"The Judge approved of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, indorsed the principles of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and offered the best arguments in favour of slavery we have heard. *He said he should vote for slavery in Oregon*, and assumed the position that all legislative action to prevent free negroes from immigrating and settling in non-slaveholding States has proved to be a dead-letter on the statute-book. Said he: 'Let those who hope to prohibit free coloured immigration to Oregon examine the past, and they will be satisfied of the impossibility to carry out such a law, and that, if we are compelled to have the coloured race among us, they should be slaves.'

"His argument in favour of the *viva voce* system of voting is the true Democratic doctrine. His position in regard to salaries was about right—fair salaries, so as to command the best talent, or make the office sufficiently honourable to command the talent without any salary at all. The latter is a matter that we are not prepared to judge of; but there may be something in it. Still, it has always appeared to us that the more honourable the office, the greater the pay was."

Hereupon *The Sentinel*, the Democratic organ at Jacksonville, comments as follows:

"If elected, and he [Deady] continues to advocate the principles he declared himself in favour of on Saturday, he will make an excellent Delegate; as we believe the views and doctrines expressed by him is the doctrine that a majority of the people advocate in Southern Oregon."

—If Oregon is saved to free labour—as we trust it is to be—it will be by the influence, efforts and votes of those who *do not* approve the Dred Scott decision and the principles of the Nebraska bill—by the weight of the Republicans of Oregon united to that of the Anti-Slavery Democrats, we trust this is to be the result, but are by no means sure of it.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1857.

Celebration of British West India Emancipation.

The Anniversary of that most glorious act in British history, the Emancipation of Eight Hundred Thousand Chattel Slaves in the West India Islands—consummated by the potency of moral agitation, and achieved without the spilling of a single drop of human blood—will be celebrated (under the direction of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society) on SATURDAY, AUGUST 1st, at Island Grove, ABINGTON—the friends of freedom everywhere being most cordially invited to be present, and to participate in the proceedings, that the day may be hastened when a still more glorious jubilee may be effected in our own land, in behalf of a five-fold larger slave population. It is hoped that they will rally on the occasion like a gathering host.

A Special Train of cars will leave the *Old Colony R. R. Depot* in Boston, at 9.30 a. m., for the Abington Grove, and return at 6.15 o'clock, p. m. Fare, to go and return—*Fifty cents* for adults; *Twenty-five* cents for children.

From Plymouth to the Grove—Leave Plymouth at 9.20 a. m., and return at 6.10. Fare—*Fifty cents* for adults, *Twenty-five cents* for children.

In case of unpleasant weather, the Town Hall (near to the Grove) will afford ample accommodation to the meeting.

☞ The pic-nic plan will be followed as heretofore, persons taking their own provisions with them; but refreshments will be for sale at the Grove, as usual.

A strong array of able and eloquent speakers may be expected on the occasion. Particulars hereafter.

In behalf of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

Robert F. Wallcut, *Rec. Sec.*

CORROBORATION.

When the American Tract Society, at its recent annual meeting, adopted the resolutions presented by its Committee of Investigation, we made a critical examination of that document, and came to the conclusion that the aim of the Committee, as of the Society, was to make no more change in the policy and customary routine of the latter than the pressure of external circumstances rendered imperatively necessary. Such previous knowledge as we had of the members of that Committee—in connection with the fact that few or none of them had joined in even the moderate demand for reform in the Society which has been raised, of late years, by a portion of its members—tended to convince us that, in relation to slavery, their strength was to sit still; that, being more interested to maintain the quietude of the Church and of the Tract Society than to break the yoke and let the oppressed go free, they intended to interfere as little as they possibly could with the Society's customary mode of operations; and that their language, which seemed to us indefinite and ambiguous (except in its prohibition of the mutilation system), was designedly made so, for the purpose, as far as might be, of pleasing, or at least of holding in continued cohesion, the majority and minority between whom they were set to arbitrate.

The Independent, taking a different view, both of the scope and intent of the language in question, thought our judgment of both exceedingly uncharitable. It was pleased with the resolutions, both on their positive and on their negative side; it liked them for what they said, and for what they did not say; it considered their purport to be sufficiently direct and explicit, and their adoption to imply the determination of the Society to publish tracts which, however little they might favour *abolitionism*—the doctrine that *slaveholding is sin, and therefore ought immediately to be abandoned*—should yet bear a strong and decided testimony against "those evils and vices which slavery is known to promote"; it vindicated the characters of the gentlemen constituting the Investigating and Publishing Committees, assuming both to be not only Christian brethren, but men of honour, incapable of deceit or indiscretion, and undoubtedly meaning, the first to require, and the second to publish, the class of tracts above specified; and its confidence was such, both in the *ambiguous* character of the Report and the *honourable* character of the Publishing Committee, that it repeatedly expressed the opinion that the acceptance of office by the latter, under the new resolutions, was a pledge on their part to publish just such tracts in regard to slavery as it (*The Independent*) had declared to be unmistakably intended and enjoined.

Having thus given different versions of the knotty subject assigned them for explanation, the two pupils sat down and waited, patiently or impatiently, for the great master, Time, to decide which was correct. The evidence has begun to appear, perhaps sooner than either anticipated.

The Independent, surprised to find, by an incidental allusion in one of its exchanges, that a Circular had been privately sent from the Tract Society in New York to its *Southern* patrons, and to the editors of *Southern* newspapers, sent to the Secretary and obtained a copy of the document in question, which it proceeded to publish (July 9th) for the benefit of the Northern patrons of the Tract Society. It is as follows:

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

To evangelical Christians, and especially to the Society's Colporteurs, Superintendents, and General Agents, and to editors of the Religious Press, throughout our Southern and South-Western States.

Dear Brethren in Christ: We feel called, in the providence of God, to express our deep regret in perceiving that what we regard as a misapprehension exists in the minds of some highly esteemed brethren, as to the true import of the Report of a Special Committee unanimously adopted at this Society's late anniversary.

The idea that the Report contemplates any violation of the fundamental catholic principle by which the Society has for thirty-two years been governed, in issuing only what is "calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians," we believe to be an error not warranted by the language of that Report.

The almost unanimous voice, not only of the Special Committee, but of the Society and of its friends and patrons in all parts of the country, is decided, that the Society must carry out in good faith the sacred compact in its Constitution, and must convey the messages of salvation through a crucified Redeemer to every accessible immortal being, in all circumstances and conditions, throughout all our boundaries, in fulfilment of the great command to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

We believe the tenor and aim of the Report of the Special Committee to be in full accordance with this view, and that it was so understood by the Society in unanimously adopting it. That Report solemnly reaffirms, word for word, the fundamental catholic article of the Society's Constitution; and as publications are issued only by the unanimous sanction of the Publishing Committee, consisting of six prominent clergymen from as many different evangelical communions, the Special Committee have, in their closing resolution, enjoined on the Publishing Committee "that their action, in carrying out the principles contained in the previous resolutions, will be such as will tend to promote *the widest and best usefulness of this Society throughout the whole country*."

We most respectfully and in Christian confidence ask our esteemed fathers and brethren in the ministry, and those who control the religious press, if they will not, in kindness and courtesy, and from love to Christ and to millions of destitute and perishing souls, refrain from prejudging the future action of their brethren of the Committee, in whom they have hitherto gratefully confided.

And in the name of our blessed Master, we would call upon ourselves and all our brethren, general agents, superintendents, and colporteurs, providentially engaged in this service, to go on in our work of faith and labour of love, undiverted by whatever may occur around us; to confide in God and in His people; to do all we can to spread the glorious Gospel of our Redeemer; to trust in Him to order all events; to supplicate Him to remove prejudice and open the way before us, to give us love to souls, a spirit of peace and good-will toward all men, and to make our poor endeavours effectual in winning souls to Him. And may we not confide in the great body of evangelical Christians still cordially to coöperate in this blessed work?

Your brethren and fellow-servants in Christ,

Wm. A. Hallock, } Cor. Secretaries.
O. Eastman, }

New York, June 15, 1857.

Surely, a piously expressed and innocently sounding document; so general in its expressions as to be somewhat obscure *to us* (*The Independent* and The Standard) to whom the letter was *not* written, but no doubt quite intelligible to the persons to whom it *was* written. It is obvious that if we insist on seeing a letter which one pious and honourable gentleman writes, with the endorsement "*private and confidential*," to another pious and honourable gentleman, we shall be very likely to find allusions, which, however clear to the latter, will not be clear to us until elucidated by external evidence. In the present case, if we use only the English grammar and dictionary as interpreters of this document written in the English language, its purport will seem to be merely that the Secretaries of the Tract Society assure certain of their dear brethren in Christ that their (unexplained) apprehension of the true import of a certain document is a *mis*apprehension, not warranted by the language of that document; that the Society design, in good faith, to carry out the sacred compact in the Constitution, to carry the message of salvation to every *accessible* immortal being, and to conduct their operations in such a manner as will tend to promote *the widest and best usefulness of this Society throughout the whole country*; and that the highly respected and esteemed Christian brethren in question may rest assured that their (unexplained) misapprehension is entirely groundless, and that their (unexplained) wishes in the premises will be fully gratified if they will only continue a confidence, which thus far has never been betrayed, in the good will of the Society, the Committees and the Secretaries, *towards them.*

Yet, strange to say, *The Independent* is dissatisfied with this document. It would seem that no reasonable man could object to a clearing up of misapprehensions in regard to the true import of the Society's language, or could require it to distribute tracts to *inaccessible* persons, or to act otherwise than in accordance with the widest and best usefulness of the Society; yet *The Independent* is so far shaken from the good understanding lately reëstablished between itself and the "management" of the Society, and even from its certified confidence in the "wisdom" and the "fidelity" of its functionaries, as decidedly to impeach both the fairness and the wisdom of the two Secretaries whose names are signed to the above document—to intimate that they have authorized an interpretation of the resolutions lately adopted "quite opposite to the intent of the Society itself," and an impression "essentially false" as to the meaning of the action last May—to declare that *if* the Secretaries mean so-and-so by the pious generalities of their circular, they "mistake the position of the Society, make 'a very grave mistake,'" and will lead Northern Christians "seriously to doubt their wisdom"—and finally to forewarn the Publishing Committee that, if they take the view intimated by the Secretaries of their position and duties, "they must expect to render up their account at the next annual meeting."

When the new resolutions of the Tract Society were published, *The Independent* took the ground that they were clear, direct, unambiguous, and imperative in their requisition of a certain new policy to be followed by the Publishing Committee; it italicised certain portions of the document to show that this meaning was contained in it, and then quietly took it for granted that such was the scope and purport of the entire document. Now it accidentally comes to light that the Secretaries of the Society (who must be supposed to know at least *as much* of the meaning of its constitution and rules as any private member), having occasion to write confidential letters to certain of their dear slaveholding brethren in Christ, italicize certain *other* expressions in the same document, and make a representation of its intended scope and purport, as plausible as *The Independent's*, but in the very opposite direction. *The Independent* then, with what seems to us a not very modest assurance, publicly says to the Secretaries, "Brethren, you mistake the position of the Society"; your statement "gives to the action of the Society an interpretation quite opposite to the intent of the Society itself." If the Secretaries could be supposed to do so undignified a thing as to retort upon this assertion the counter assertion —"*you* mistake the position and intention of the Society" —we really think that they could establish their case from the document itself, and we are sure that they would carry with them, in this interpretation, the great majority of the Society—that is to say, the Society itself. *The Independent*, we think, will have further evidence within the year that, in regard to the policy of the Tract Society, it is still in a minority. The sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for it.

The officers of the Tract Society have as yet done nothing against slavery; even indirectly, they have acted against it only to a small extent, and that with long delay and great reluctance; when, therefore, in a private letter to slaveholders, they assure those dear brethren in Christ that there is no intention, in the publication and distribution of tracts, either of treating them as culpable or their slaves as *accessible*—and when, in proof of this, they italicize the very passage in the resolutions which *we* had italicised, as obviously having that purport—we must consider the evidence ample and unquestionable, not only of the existence of language authorizing that interpretation in the resolutions, but of the intent that it should be so interpreted and understood at the South, while agitation was quieted by a trumpeting of the opposite interpretation, with *its* appropriate proof-texts, through *The Independent*, at the North.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Not a little excitement was created by the arrival at this port, on the 9th inst., of the British brig-of-war Sappho, bringing as a prize the American bark Panchita, which had been captured at Pont de Lenhan, on the Congo river, as a slaver. The Panchita sailed from New York in December last, after a detention of three months on suspicion that she was designed for a slaver, Judge Betts deciding that the evidence against her was insufficient. That the suspicions as to her character were well founded, and that she entered the Congo for the purpose of taking in a cargo of slaves, no one can doubt; but we fear that the evidence of the fact will not be deemed sufficient to satisfy the U. S. authorities, and that the British Government will be mulcted in heavy damages. The owner has prosecuted the British officers and the seamen of the Sappho, by whom she was captured, and they have been held to bail in the sum of $15,000. From all that we can learn, we suspect that the capture was premature. If it had been delayed a little longer, it is probable that the evidence of her true character would have been so far developed as to have left no room for doubt or cavil.

The brig Flora, which arrived on Monday from the coast of Africa, reports that a British cruizer captured another American brig, the William Miller, on or about the middle of April. She had previously discharged a cargo at Uydah. She hailed from New Orleans, but cleared last from Havana.

On Monday last the U. S. Marshal caused the seizure of the bark J. G. Lewis, as she was passing out to sea, on suspicion that she had been fitted out for the slave trade. She was brought back for examination, and now lies in Buttermilk Channel under the guns of the Revenue Cutter Washington. She is owned by Mr. Wenberg, who is understood to be largely engaged in the business of fitting out slavers from this port. We presume, however, that the law, as administered by Judge Betts, will be found utterly worthless, and that she will eventually get off in safety and pursue her diabolical purpose to the end. It is idle to suppose that Courts corrupt enough to enforce the Fugitive Slave law can be relied upon to suppress the foreign traffic in slaves, or that a community which will submit to the operations of such a law will care to make any earnest efforts to arrest the progress of the trade which is its logical counterpart.

The British Government, having no system of slavery to maintain, is earnest in her endeavours to suppress the trade in human flesh; and we are therefore prepared to credit the statement lately made by the acting British Consul at this port, to a friend of ours, viz., that that Government is preparing to blockade the whole Cuban coast for the purpose of seizing every slave vessel that may attempt to land her human cargo upon that island.

ANOTHER STEP IN THE OHIO SLAVE CASE.

It will be remembered by our readers that the United States Deputy Marshals, eleven in number, who resisted the Sheriff of Clark Co., Ohio, in his effort to serve a writ of *habeas corpus* in favour of a prisoner charged with aiding in the escape of a slave, were arraigned for the offence by a State magistrate, and, on refusing to give bail, were held to answer. It will also be remembered that Judge Leavitt, of the U. S. District Court, immediately issued a *habeas corpus*, by which the Marshals were brought before him, a motion being made for their discharge on the ground that, while engaged in the performance of their duty as officers of the U. S. Government, they were not bound to obey a precept from a State magistrate. In The Standard of June 20th we published the substance of the testimony elicited in the trial before Judge Leavitt, which showed conclusively that the Marshals were a set of profane and drunken knaves, that their conduct had been marked by great violence and brutality, and that they had beaten and abused the Sheriff in the most cowardly manner. The case was argued at considerable length, and the public have been waiting some time for the Judge's decision—not, however, with any doubt as to what it would be. It has been made at last, and is thus exultantly proclaimed by the organ of Border Ruffian Democracy in Cincinnati:

From The Cincinnati Enquirer, July 10.

DECISION OF JUDGE LEAVITT ON THE HABEAS CORPUS—CASE OF THE OHIO UNITED STATES MARSHAL.

Judge Leavitt, of the United States District Court, yesterday read a long and very able decision on the application of the eleven U. S. Deputy Marshals, who had been arrested and were held in custody by the Sheriff of Clark County. The right and authority of the United States officers to resist and disregard the State process, while engaged in the service of the writs of the United States tribunals; their duty to prevent, by any degree of force, any interruption in the performance of their duties; the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States Courts, of all matters arising under the act of Congress providing for the reclamation of fugitives from labour; the violation of the sovereignty of the United States, which would be involved in any attempt to execute "the extraordinary" act of the Ohio Legislature, giving the State Courts authority to issue writs of *habeas corpus* against all parties detaining persons for any cause, were most lucidly and ably exposed.

Under this act of the Legislature all attempts to enforce the jurisdiction and laws of the United States might be defeated. The very cases put by us a few days ago were stated by Judge Leavitt. Under this law any friend or accomplice of a party in the custody of the Marshal, for robbing the mail or counterfeiting the coin of the United States, might obtain his release by suing out a *habeas corpus*; and, in case its service were resisted—as it was the duty of the Marshal to resist any such process—the latter might be arrested and detained in jail for assault and battery, and his prisoner taken off to some other County and released.

Judge Leavitt unhesitatingly decided that the Marshals were justified in resisting the service of the writ in the hands of Layton, and that no more force was used than was necessary to overcome the violence of the Sheriff and his assistant. He saw nothing to censure or condemn in the conduct of the officers.

He said that whatever prejudices might exist in the community against the act of Congress relative to fugitives, it was the duty of all good citizens to obey the law, and it must be enforced. This duty, the obligations imposed by the Constitution, the relations which the States had agreed to bear to one another, were most eloquently dwelt upon and illustrated.

The conclusion of the decision was that the Deputy Marshals be released from the custody of the Sheriff of Clark County.

The man who pronounces this judgment of release and approval of the ruffian Marshals, and declares that the State of Ohio has no power to restrain the operations of official kidnappers on her soil, is an Elder in the Old School Presbyterian Church, and was a lay member of the late General Assembly of that "Brotherhood of Thieves." The Roman magistrate who released the bloody Barabbas from a felon's prison and consigned Jesus of Nazareth to a cruel death was an innocent man in comparison with a Judge who lends himself to enforce all the atrocities of the Fugitive Slave law.

THE TRIBUNE ON VOTING.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Two weeks ago I sent to *The Tribune* a communication, in *substance* as follows. As it has not appeared, I presume the editors do not mean to publish it. I therefore request you to give it a place in The Standard. J. A. H.

To the Editors of The N. Y. Tribune.

To a few resolutions of the Worcester County (South Division) Anti-Slavery Society, denouncing the act of inviting J. M. Mason, of Virginia, to the Warren celebration at Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June last, and Henry J. Gardner for his repeated refusal to remove Edward G. Loring from the office he disgraces, and pledging ourselves to "make every just and proper effort" to remove Judge Loring and prevent his ever holding any office in the gift of the State or people of Massachusetts, you see fit to append the following note in the daily *Tribune* of June 25th:

"Bosh, Mr. J. A. H.! Your resolves to make every just and proper effort against the Slave Power and its servitors are gas, humbug, flummery, fallacy, so long as you refuse to *vote* against them.—*Ed. Trib.*"

This seems to me to be hardly a fair treatment of the resolutions you publish; but as it is the candour you choose, allow me to inquire how "voting" can, by any possibility, reach the Bunker Hill Association? That is a private organization, not controlled or reached by the votes of the people at all, but only by the public sentiment of the times, which is made up and controlled by discussions and resolutions, by such meetings as this at which these resolutions were adopted. And we intend to use this, the only weapon in our reach, to rectify the matter, until you can show us how voting can reach it. On the other hand, does not the fact of Republicans *voting* J. M. Mason into the comparatively honourable society of Sumner, Wilson, Hale, Seward, and others, by sending these men to Washington to meet him there upon the "Honourable" equality of the Senate Chamber, *pave the way* for his honourable reception at Bunker Hill, which our refusal to vote tends so far to prevent?

And, then, upon the Judge Loring matter: do you blame us for refusing to aid, with nine-tenths of your Fremont Republican friends last Fall, in giving Henry J. Gardner the largest vote that a Massachusetts Governor ever received? Pray tell us how Republican votes then helped the ends we are seeking to attain.

Or do you advise Abolitionists this Fall to vote for the Republican candidate, N. P. Banks, who, last October, in Wall street of your own city, pledged the Republican party to interference with slavery "in no way, at no time, and to no extent," and to the suspension of the anti-slavery discussion within one year after they should be elected to power, so that the New York merchants could, without disturbance, devote themselves to the Pacific Railroad and its tremendous commerce; promising even to "lay aside the question whether in future Territories slavery shall be permitted or not," if "the Compromises of 1820 and 1850 should be made good" (Fugitive Slave law and all); "that is all we ask, no more, no less, *no better*, worse"; pledging the party to the perpetuity of this slaveholding Union, "not as it may be in the minds of some theorist, but the Union of the States as it is, as it has been, and as, I trust in God, it will be hereafter forever," speaking therein "for the institutions and the principles that have been transmitted to us by Washington, by Jefferson, by Madison, by Jackson, by *Polk* and by Taylor." Think of the Union under the principles and institutions of this coterie of slaveholders—Polk, the annexor of Texas, and Taylor, the leader of the piratical hordes of buccaneers that plundered Mexico, included—as the highest embodiment of Republicanism, as ratified by Massachusetts men, and you scolding Abolitionists for not aiding to *vote* it into power!

In pledging "to make every just and proper effort" to attain the ends stated, we did not say anything about voting, but are nevertheless prepared to vote if it can be made out to be "just and proper." But for the ends proposed, I see no *just and proper* way to *vote* to their accomplishment, and, on the general question of slavery, where would the vote place us—on the side of the slave or his master? It places us upon the Constitution and the Union, that forbid us to aid the slave, and pledge us to aid the master, as Henry Wilson says, in "keeping his fellow-man in bondage." That is a position we cannot take. We choose not, after helping to thrust the slave into the dungeon of slavery, and shut upon him the door of the Constitution, to stand thereupon with you to labour with votes in the vain attempt to lift the door, while our whole weight is upon it. We admit that you, with us, are doing much to open the door of his prison-house, but we step off the door and pull, while you, standing on it, are pulling the strap. Step off the door, all hands, and the slave will push it open alone. Step off the door, Mr. Editor, and you shall be able to lift more effectually than when you are lifting against your own weight.

In conclusion, allow me to say that your advice to us to vote is as much "gas, humbug, flummery, fallacy," as if you should advise us to step into a bushel-basket to lift it by the handles. J. A. H.

Worcester, June 26, 1857.

THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The well-written article, with the above caption, published in your paper of the 20th and 27th of June, has been read with much interest. While it acknowledges that the Colonization Society "was founded by good men, who were sincerely desirous for the elevation of the coloured race and the extinction both of the slave trade and of slavery," it asserts that the cause "has never taken hold of the sympathies of the people nor enlisted as generally in its support the Christian community as have the Bible, Mission and other great benevolent enterprises of the age." The opinion is then expressed that this want of general sympathy for colonization may be accounted for on the three following grounds:

1. In its "very *non-committalism in regard to the sinfulness of slavery.*" "By evading any expression of sentiment upon the wrongfulness of slavery, the Society, at the beginning, cut itself off from the sympathies and assistance of the very class of men whose support was of the first importance—the decided, out-spoken, high-toned anti-slavery men of the whole country, whether technically Abolitionists or not."

2. The friends of colonization have given encouragement "to the *prejudice against the coloured race on the part of the white race.* It is *assumed*, as a fact incapable of being successfully controverted, that this prejudice is invincible; that the coloured race can never obtain equality of rights or privileges while in this country"; "and that all that can be done is to send the black race to Africa, and thus avoid all contact with them."

3. Another "obstacle to the success of the colonization scheme is that it is formed for the expatriation of the coloured race among us from their native country by means which make it in effect an *expulsion*. It is true the Colonization Society professes to encourage only voluntary emigration and disavows all desire to force any to go against their will. But it is remarkable that those set free for the purpose at the South have been emancipated upon the express condition that they should be sent to Liberia. They have had no choice in the matter. Perpetual slavery or colonization has been the only alternative."

The foregoing extracts give, substantially, the three reasons of the Cincinnati correspondent for what he considers the unpopularity of colonization. Supposing these obstacles to exist to the extent here represented, it will not necessarily follow that they are justly chargeable to anything in the Constitution or action of the Colonization Society. It may even be conceded that among Colonizationists there are those who deny the sinfulness of slavery, who doubt whether the coloured race can ever be elevated here to a social equality with the white race, and who will not emancipate their slaves unless the same are willing to go to Liberia; yet their private views can have no relation to the official action of the Society, which is no more responsible for such views than for those of a contrary nature among its friends. There are many Colonizationists who believe slavery sinful, who are earnestly striving to elevate the coloured race here, and are decidedly opposed to sending any persons to Liberia who prefer remaining in this country.

In view of the obstacles alluded to, it may be said:

1. It is possible that had the Colonization Society adopted the principles and policy of the Abolitionists, it would have gained many warm friends from their ranks; but as the Society is neither political, ecclesiastical nor sectional in its aims, it has never felt the propriety of identifying itself with any particular party, either in Church or State. While this neutrality makes it less the favourite with strong partisans, with whom it might probably agree in many things, it nevertheless secures the approbation of all who favour the redemption of Africa, for whose benefit it especially labours. Its friends are found among all Christian denominations, among all political parties, and among all classes of society. No exception is here made to the friends of anti-slavery, for they very generally (a few to the contrary) show a commendable cordiality. If the complete success of the colonization cause lingered only to hear a vote of approval from large numbers of anti-slavery men, it would not be long ere the shout of its triumph would be heard through the land. But not even the principles of Abolitionism, held by many of the friends of this cause, are a sufficient recommendation of it to the coloured people generally.

2. "Prejudice against the coloured race," etc. This is becoming a troublesome subject among more than one class of philanthropists claiming to be friends of the African. It did not originate with Colonizationists, however, nor is it uniformly used by them in argument as a motive for emigration; and even when alluded to, it is not in unkindness, with a view to drive the emigrant from his native land, but to show him there are circumstances more favourable to his elevation than he now enjoys. The progress made in government, literature and religion by coloured men in Liberia is doing much to elevate the race in the estimation of the world, and to lessen the prejudice felt against them in this country. It is also worthy of remark that social prejudice against colour is weakest in those localities where colonization has its warmest friends.

3. As the American Colonization Society has no legal authority to expel any man from this country, and as its Constitution explicitly declares its object is to "execute a plan for colonizing, with their own consent, the free people of colour," there is no just ground for charging it with the crime of "*expulsion.*" Suppose some masters do emancipate their slaves only on the "condition that they shall be sent to Liberia," the master is not controlled by the Society; it is in no way a party in making the oppressive conditions, nor will it send persons to Liberia, thus freed, unless they really wish to go there. Among those who have emigrated to Liberia from this country, some were in poverty, some politically discontented, some desirous of foreign adventures, some anxious to carry civilization to barbarous Africans, etc. etc. Now, it certainly would not be fair to make the Society answerable for the various conditions which prompted the emigrants to prefer Liberia above those conditions, even if among the number slavery is included.

Yet, after all that can be said on the invalidity of the foregoing objections, it is admitted they have been too often effectually used in opposing colonization.

The limited amounts of money ordinarily received for this cause, when compared with the sums contributed to the "Bible, Mission and other great benevolent enterprises of the age," does not result so much from a want of interest in the cause as from its semi-secular character, which, in most Churches, hinders it from having a place with causes strictly religious—from the opinions of many that the State should bear the expenses of the enterprise —and from the impression that, because the coloured people in general are opposed to the movement, there is little need for funds to aid the few who are willing to go to Liberia.

Colonization is of a different nature from most other benevolent schemes, from the fact that the immediate subjects of its action are *persons* and not mere things. The main difficulties are found with the coloured people themselves. Their home attachments are naturally very strong; an easy life is more coveted by them than one of independence; but few of them have ambition or energy for foreign adventures; while many of them entertain the hope that, as a race, they will finally attain to a political and social equality with the white race in this country, and that it would be the abandonment of this hope for them to admit the propriety of sending from their ranks large numbers to Africa. Under this state of mind they willingly receive, from whatever quarter it may come, everything said disparagingly of colonization. Its friends, however, are not discouraged, nor from present prospects have they reason to be. Believing that Africa will ultimately be redeemed from barbarism by the civilized descendants of her own soil, they have no doubt as to the final success of their cause.

It is not unfrequently suggested that the management of this work should be left solely to the coloured people. As the chief designs of colonization are, to establish a Republic in Africa, to diffuse among millions of barbarians the blessings of civilization and Christianity, and to abolish the foreign slave trade, it would seem a most appropriate and honourable enterprise for our intelligent coloured friends to engage in; but as they are not generally so disposed at present, the true friends of Africa cannot suspend operations there until the coloured people of this country, as a body, feel inclined to take the matter in hand. Nor is there any necessity why they should. The days of suffering and sacrifice for Liberia have passed away. Under the blessing of Heaven the new republic has risen in honour and power, and taken its place among the civilized nations of the earth, notwithstanding all the early obstacles it had to encounter on a barbarous soil, and the opposition of those in this country who should have been its friends. Liberia has advanced too far in her prosperous course to be any longer a cause of anxiety. And while it would be most gratifying to have enrolled among her advocates all who love Africa and desire the improvement of the African race, still her friends mean never to be discouraged because many still continue to denounce the cause of colonization. C. B.

Philadelphia, July 6th, 1857.

DR. CHEEVER HEARD OVER THE SEA.

Concord, N. H., July 10, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The accompanying extract I cut from the Leeds (Eng.) *Mercury* of June 16th. My friends in that city often send me the *Mercury*, for which I cannot be too grateful to them; it being one of the most able and in every way best provincial papers in Great Britain. Nor does any paper there better understand, or more firmly and justly rebuke, the American slave system, if we except the London *Daily News*. That journal is standard authority on all American affairs, throughout the British realm.

It was the Editor of the Leeds *Mercury*, Edward Baines, Esq., who addressed that most excellent and able letter to his brethren of the Boston Press, at the time when they saw Anthony Burns seized by Southern kidnappers and borne off to slavery again before their eyes. Whatever the effect of that letter was in this country, it was surely not lost at home. One of the British Anti-Slavery Associations published it in a neat tract, and sent it like raindrops over their land.

The article I send you to-day is worthy to be read by everybody in our country, and needs no introduction or recommendation of mine. Most truly yours,

Parker Pillsbury.

DR. CHEEVER ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

It is a strange and melancholy thing that in the commercial capital of the freest and proudest republic in the world, the city of New York, it should have required something like a heroic effort to enable the Rev. Dr. Cheever to preach a series of sermons against the horrible crime of slavery. Yet such is the fact. It is strikingly shown in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's last tale, *Dred*, that the pulpit and the press of the slave States are in as perfect bondage under a tyrant mob as they are in any of the most despotic States of the world. But it is not so well understood that this bondage is not confined to the slave States of America. The pulpit, even more than the press, throughout a large part of the *free* States, is in actual thraldom on this subject. There exists everywhere a political party, the Democratic, which sympathizes strongly with the slaveholders of the South, who belong universally to that party. Unhappily there are members of this party in every religious congregation and belonging to every religious society in the United States; and the sad consequence is, that an immense proportion of the Ministers of religion even in the free States are under an influence to which they weakly and disgracefully yield, so as to maintain silence on the stupendous national sin of their country. Especially is this the case in New York, where many of the merchants are commercially connected with the planters of the South, and where many capitalists have mortgages on plantations and gangs of slaves, making them the virtual proprietors. In New York, therefore, the pulpits and religious societies are nearly as much gagged on the question of slavery as they are in Charleston or New Orleans. The testimony of Christian Ministers is withheld on the most crying and damning sin of the land. The great Tract Society and Sunday School Union of the United States—societies commanding splendid revenues, and doubtless effecting immense good—are likewise bribed or coerced into sinful silence on the same subject. The day-schools and Sunday-schools never teach that slaveholding, slave-selling, slave-breeding, and slave-mangling are opposed to the very spirit of the Gospel. And thus Christianity itself is as it were paralyzed in the United States; it stands up, indeed, a giant form, but with one side numb and dead, its mouth drawn awry, and its great voice unintelligible. It is a glorious orb in perpetual half-eclipse. The consequences are fearful. Not only are the blessed influences of Divine Truth curtailed by this mighty and notorious *suppressio veri*, but Christianity itself is discredited, and honest humane men are tempted to become infidels. We believe infidelity has been seriously extended in America by this cause. If everywhere the inconsistencies of professing Christians afford a handle and a triumph to unbelievers (who overlook the evidences of the divine perfection of Christianity, and only regard the faults of unworthy professors), what must be the effect where nearly all the Christian Ministers are silent at a profitable and reigning sin, against which human nature, reason and the whole civilized world cry out in indignation?

Yet there are a few Ministers even in New York who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of Slavery; among whom two of the ablest and best known are Henry Ward Beecher (brother of Mrs. Stowe) and George B. Cheever. These noble-spirited Christian ministers have denounced Slavery with the thunder of the apostolic Boanerges. None can tell through what desertions, oppositions, threatenings and calumnies they have pursued their heroic course. But the very first sentence in the preface to Dr. Cheever's discourses, entitled "God against Slavery," speaks volumes as to the amazing extent of the *pro-slavery* feeling in New York. He says:

"For the *privilege* of having been *permitted* to deliver these discourses without interruption, and with a cordial unswerving sympathy on the part of the public, I thank God and take courage."

That is, Dr. Cheever accomplished his high Christian purpose without being *mobbed*, or actually *stopped* in the delivery of his eloquent sermons!—and this he acknowledges as matter of special *thankfulness* in the Empire State of the great modern Republic!

It is, however, a subject of congratulation, as things go, that a man like Dr. Cheever, of brilliant talents, a fervid spirit, and a strong attachment to evangelical truth, has preached and printed such discourses as these in New York. Nothing can be more unflinching than his denunciations, or more convincing than his appeals to Scripture. He vindicates the right and duty of Christian Ministers to preach on the subject of Slavery, in spite of the hypocritical objection that they became political preachers. He exposes the malignity of unrighteous and oppressive laws in a State, and shows that it is a duty to do everything possible for their abrogation. He replies to the apology for slavery, so often published, that it is sanctioned both in the Old and New Testament, by showing that nothing resembling the slavery of the United States existed amongst the Hebrews—that the crime of man-stealing was punishable with death under the Mosaic law, that the bondage (so called) under which Hebrews might be held by their brethren was of the nature of "voluntary contract for service" between a master and a servant, which could never endure longer than six years—that the bondage under which heathens were sometimes held by Hebrew masters was also a contract for service on the one side and support on the other, terminable at the year of Jubilee, and the price was paid to the bondman himself, not to another—that no man could be forced into servitude, or retained in it against his will, much less sold as property —that the children of bondmen were not the property of the master—that the restoration of runaway servants was forbidden—and that every provision was made in the Hebrew law for just human dealing with the servant. He comes to the conclusion that "there is no such thing as *property in man* permitted or sanctioned in the Scriptures." He then shows the terrible judgments denounced by the prophet Jeremiah against the nobles and the rich men of Judea for bringing their brethren into a species of slavery; and he tells the people of the United States that they may look for judgments no less terrible. Finally he examines the spirit of Christianity, and shows that it is absolutely opposed to slavery.

Dr. Cheever delivered these discourses just before the election of President in November, 1856; and he wound them up with the following thrilling appeal to his countrymen on the awfulness of the crisis:

"We can almost see the great God of our fathers warning us for the last time; we can almost hear the voice of incarnate divine compassion, Oh that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the decisive visitation, the things that belong to thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes. How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate! We can almost see the spirits of our fathers bending down over us from their bright abodes, to see what shall be our decision in this hour of solemn trial. Oh that God would in mercy guide us! Oh that he would *constrain* us to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God! But if we will not, then there is a conflict before us, such as the nations never knew. Every step of the way we have got to grapple with God's word, and with conscience, and we cannot overcome it. He has set it within us, and it is on God's side, and we had better have ten thousand devils outside opposing us than conscience within. And God will still work; his word will break forth like a volcano. You have even now the conscience of twenty millions under the light of God's word, against the conscience of three hundred thousand slaveholders drugged by self-interest and sophistry. The conscience of the twenty millions God will continue to stir up. He will make his word like a fire in the bones, and a fire in the heart, and a fire in the brain, and the whole Pacific ocean could not put it out, nor all the mountains of profit and expediency keep it down. No small part of our country, thanks be to God, is all conscience on this subject, living conscience, outraged conscience, conscience burdened and agonized, and crying up to God. If you undertake to silence or to suffocate that conscience, you will have such convulsions, such volcanoes as the world never saw; and if you undertake to put down the volcanoes, then you will have earthquakes, and your institutions will roll and totter like a raging sea, as when God takes whole cities by their towers, and beats them against one another. When God and his justice are pledged against a nation in rebellion in this one sin, you cannot question who will conquer. God has thrown down the gauntlet against this wickedness, and, at this late period of the world, the nation that dares to take it up will be blasted with the fury of his wrath, not less terribly than his peeled, scattered and exterminated people of old."

It is well that both Dr. Cheever and the slaveholders of the United States should know that every word of the arguments and appeals of this volume ("God against Slavery") meets with approbation and sympathy from the disinterested people of England. In their judgment two blacker stains never rested on any nation, Christian or pagan, than the system of slave-breeding and the atrocities perpetrated in Kansas to force the extension of slavery. If the people of the United States should maintain their slave-system, they will do it in daring defiance of their own consciences, of the reprobation of the whole Christian world, and of the spirit and precepts of the Gospel.

BREVITIES.

The Southern Commercial Convention is to hold an adjourned meeting at Knoxville, Tenn., commencing on the 10th of August.

Central College (at McGrawville, N. Y.) would seem to be gaining in popular favour. Rev. Samuel J. May, who attended the recent Commencemnt and delivered an able address before the Literary Societies on Magna Charta and the Constitution of New York, is said to have expressed his gratification at the performances of the students. "He had never been so deeply interested in any College Commencement he had ever attended. He had trembled for the seniors when the junior class spoke, but they had surpassed them." The graduating class numbered twenty-nine, eleven of whom were females. The latter took their equal share in the Commencement exercises. Mr. Rosell, a coloured graduate, delivered a poem on Tyranny.

The *New York Observer* complains dolorously of the small salaries of the clergy and declares that they are "in danger of being starved out." This may be true, but then the congregations have long been kept at the starving point on poor preaching, so that we think the balance between the parties is not far from even. The case reminds us of the Indian preacher, who, on being told that his salary was "d—n poor," naïvely replied, "Yes, but me give 'em d—n poor preach too." "Thousands of our Christian congregations," says the *Observer*, enjoy a gospel which is furnished them "at starvation prices." "*A* gospel," sure enough, but not *the* gospel of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

D. R. Atchison, the leader of the Border Ruffian foray in Kansas, has written a most despairing letter to the Mayor of Columbia, S. C., in which he virtually confesses a defeat. "Our friends in the Southern States," he says, "are very apathetic, and some of our friends who have heretofore strained every nerve, spent their money and their time, are beginning to despair, and others are turning their attention to speculation and money-making. I therefore would suggest that no more money be raised in South Carolina." "I fear that the North has and will expend in Kansas, to effect their unholy purposes, ten dollars where we can raise one."

The opinion is expressed in some quarters that the attempt of Dr. Ross and his coworkers to organize a Southern Presbyterian Church will prove a failure, many Southern Presbyterians not being favourable to the project. The Rev. Henry A. Nelson, of St. Louis, says he has received a letter from a brother minister in a slave State, not contiguous to Missouri, in which he says, "Our Presbytery certainly did not appoint our Delegates (to the General Assembly) last Spring with any such intent, and I think they have done our work for us as badly as they well could." An influential minister in Missouri is confident that no Presbytery in that State will approve of the secession, and Mr. Nelson thinks it is not certain that the Washington Convention, after consultation, will wish for a division. Even if the secession should be consummated, it is probable that a small body of slaveholders—enough to modify, it if not to dictate its policy—will retain their connection with the old Church, keeping it just as pro-slavery as it was before.

The change in the feelings and opinions of the community in regard to what is popularly called "the woman question," since the press and the pulpit poured their full tide of ridicule and denunciation upon the American Anti-Slavery Society for appointing a woman on a committee and inviting females to speak in its meetings, is so remarkable that it can hardly be appreciated except by those who remember the exodus of black-coated gentlemen in white neckcloths, under the leadership of Mr. Lewis Tappan, from the meeting of that Society, in the Madison street Church, in 1840. We are reminded of this change by seeing in the *New York Herald* a commendatory notice of the Pennsylvania Female Medical College, an institution which owes its origin to the much-ridiculed movement for woman's rights. "To be serious," says the *Herald*, "we are glad this institution, like the others of the same kind, is prosperous; there is plenty of room for usefulness for women skilled in medicine." The day is not distant when the *Herald* and other journals of its class will hail the appearance of women as public speakers, not with sneers and reproaches, but with grateful commendation. The world is moving.

The Baccalaureate Discourse of Horace Mann, President of Antioch College (Yellow Springs, O.), at the late Commencement of that institution, the *Christian Inquirer* informs us, was "devoted to a brilliant and intensely earnest discussion of the duty of College Faculties to the public, in respect of the moral standard required of and applied to the student. The President maintained, with unflinching logic and tremendous force, that College Governments held the gate of the professions, and had no right to allow any man to pass into either of them with the least stain of vice upon the character; that it was a high public offence to public morality to furnish a diploma—a passport to influence—to any unworthy person, no matter how faithfully the mere scholastic preparation for it had been made. He showed the dreadful effects of the union of vice with educated powers, and mantained that an educated *roué* was a pest to society. The position assumed by the President was, in its practical bearing—declaring that no student should ever leave Antioch with a diploma for whose moral purity he was not willing to vouch—entirely novel, and must arouse universal attention among the officers of Colleges and the public who sustain them."

A correspondent of the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* states that Senator Wilson was present at the Framingham celebration on the 4th; but, though he was personally criticised by various speakers, and officially invited to a defence of his favourite party, or to utter anything else he might choose to say, he kept silence. In the intermission, Mr. Wilson gave to a circle of friends a statement of his views of the anti-slavery programme of the Republican party, and its superior practical character to the position of those people. "Why don't you take the stand, Mr. Wilson, and make that statement and defence of your party?" "It would not do," said he, "for me to identify myself with the disunionists so far as to appear as one of their speakers." "But you would not appear at all identified as one of them, for you would take a position of antagonism, by asserting the superior claims of Republicanism to anti-slavery, as against disunionism. Is it not rather that you know you have a case you cannot make out, that you dare not appear in its defence?" To this appeal Mr. Wilson could say nothing, while the gathered hundreds heartily responded, "That's it." We regret that Mr. Wilson, for any reason, declined to speak; but we are glad he had the good sense and the courage to attend such a meeting. We doubt if any other U. S. Senator would have done even that.

Eight Deputy U. S. Marshals made another descent upon Mechanicsburgh, Champaign Co., Ohio, before daylight, on the 28th ult. The town, says a correspondent of *The Tribune*, was taken altogether by surprise, and they came down upon it like a band of midnight robbers. Their object was to arrest two of the citizens of the place, U. H. Hyde and Charles Taylor, suspected of having violated some of the articles of the Fugitive Slave law, in the case of the escape of the slave Addison from the place, in May last, and against both of whom a suit is now pending to recover the value of the negro. They first went to the house where Hyde had been residing for a few weeks past, and searched every part of it—even removing a carpet concealing a trap-door, that led into the cellar, and searching that also. Fortunately, however, on that night, for the first time during the past week or two, Hyde had lodged at the house of one of his neighbours, and, being informed of his danger, made his escape without much difficulty—the darkness of the morning favouring his flight. They next went to the house of Charles Taylor, but he, having been informed of his danger by some friendly messenger, made his escape at a back door, closely pursued by the whole posse, who had previously surrounded it, and saving himself by nothing but the nimbleness of his legs. The worthy gentry from Cincinnatti took their departure by early sunrise for Jefferson, with their banners trailing in the dust; thinking, no doubt, that "to cook a dolphin, you must first catch a dolphin," and nothing has been heard of them since.

The female students of Antioch (O.) College, having organized themselves into a literary association, asked the Faculty to permit them to hold a meeting in the College chapel on the 20th of June last. The request was denied, on various grounds, one of which was, that it was very near the close of the term and all the energy of the pupils was needed for their regular duties. The ladies yielded in view of the last objection, but presented a request for the use of the chapel in September next. Their application being again denied, they held a meeting and adopted a series of resolutions, declaring that the Faculty had violated the principles of equality on which the College was founded, and that they felt bound to resist this encroachment upon their rights. They then disbanded their association, on the ground that to submit quietly to the decision and continue to meet upon the prescribed conditions would be virtually to acknowledge the rightfulness of the course pursued by the Faculty. The matter created much excitement in the College, and it is said that nearly all the students, both male and female, disapprove of the conduct of the Faculty. Several young ladies have decided to quit the institution on this account. On one occasion, during the progress of the Commencement exercises, some dozen or fifteen of the female students signified their sense of the wrong they had suffered by appearing in the assembly, secluded from others, in full suits of mourning. The explanation of the affair will probably be found in the fact, that Horace Mann, the President of the College, has a theory of "woman's sphere" which he is attempting arbitrarily to enforce upon the female students.

The Annual Exhibition of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute was held in Plymouth Church (H. W. Beecher's) on the 2nd inst. The *Christian Inquirer*, in its account of the exercises of the occasion, makes an allusion which will be enjoyed by those who call to mind the fact that Mr. Beecher has been preaching lately in opposition to Dr. Bellows's defence of the Theatre.

"We cannot forbear, just at the moment when the question of the drama, and improving the drama, is 'before the people,' from expressing the thought that two of the pieces on the occasion above noticed were distinctly dramatic, and both capitally performed; the one, 'Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin,' tragic; the other, 'The Village Lawyer,' comic. The last, 'in costume,' too, fairly brought down the house. Grave divines, as well as laymen of undoubted Orthodoxy, on the platform, were as much carried away as the rest. We have not a doubt that the shaking of their sides will do their hearts good. What with superb opera music and these admirable impersonations, however, we began to fear that outsiders would think the drama really inaugurated by 'Young America,' under the auspices of the Institute, in Brother Beecher's Church! What a confirmation, too, of Brother Bellows's words: 'Performances of amateurs are listened to with an intense gratification, which, after deducting all the interest of personal sympathy with the volunteers, demonstrates *the inherent charm of the stage*. There never was a dialogue spoken in a school exhibition which was not ten times as exciting as any monologue, and every additional person added to the scene increased its fascination in a geometrical ratio. If a few rags of scenery or costume were thrown around the performers, how potently was the charm enhanced! In short, in precise proportion to an approach to the public stage was the amusement complete.'"

PERSONAL.

John C. Fremont is seriously ill, at the Brevoort House, in this city.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage has been lecturing, lately, to crowded audiences, at Richmond, Ind. Her subject is Woman's Rights and Wrongs.

Miss Maria Mitchell, the female astronomer, of Nantucket, will sail for Europe on the 22d inst., and remain a year or two abroad, in the prosecution of her scientific investigations.

Charles C. Burleigh delivered an address at the recent Commencement at Central College (McGrawville, N. Y.), upon "Growth and Discipline." It is said to have been superb in argument, illustration and rhetoric.

David Paul Brown has been appointed to deliver the Biennial Discourse before the State University at Lancaster, Pa. If the managers of the institution sought for an orator who could "cut a swell" and clothe the stalest platitudes in verbose and pompous phrase, they are to be congratulated upon their selection.

The Boston *Traveller* publishes the following extract of a letter from Charles Sumner, dated at Paris:

"I should have acknowledged your letter at an earlier date, but I have not been well, and have had no heart to write. Out of my short stay here I have lost four weeks, during which I have been most of the time confined to the house. But I am better now, and I believe am in the way to complete recovery, though I feel that many months must elapse before I regain my old strength."

Geo. W. Curtis, a correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* informs us, has lately finished a new literary address upon the Higher Law and the Relations of the Scholar thereto, which he is to give this month, first at Union College, next at Dartmouth, and last, before the Normal School Association at Westfield, Mass. It is somewhat in the vein of his address before the literary societies of the college at Middletown, Ct., last year, and will attract public attention.

The closing paragraph of the official report of the Framingham celebration thus alludes to the presence of the gifted author of the "Autobiography of a Female Slave":

"We cannot wholly refrain from expressing the pleasure felt by the few who were aware of the fact that amongst the audience were not only three newly-escaped victims of slavery, but also one, a young, intelligent and interesting lady (whose family are extensive slaveholders in Kentucky), who, having conceived from her earliest years an abhorrence of slavery and a deep sympathy with the slave population around her, had formed the fixed resolve never to be herself a slaveholder, and who has given freedom to the slaves who had been bequeathed to her, although by so doing she has impoverished herself. Noble and glorious deed, though it be one of simple justice only! May the heroic spirit of this young girl animate us all to a more entire devotion to the work of freedom, and fire many souls with a kindred flame!"

Henry E. B. Stowe, a son of Prof. Calvin E. and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a member of the Freshman class in Dartmouth College, was drowned in Connecticut river on the 9th inst. He went into the water, with several of his classmates, to bathe, and, after being in a few minutes, became exhausted and cried out for help. His room-mate and another young man went to his relief, but their efforts to save him were unavailing. Stowe sunk but once, and remained under water but about twenty minutes before he was taken out. Life was not then extinct, but he was so far gone that he expired in a few moments. He was drowned only about four rods from the shore, and his body could be seen when lying at the bottom. His remains were carried to Andover in charge of a committee of students, consisting of one from each class. The deceased was nineteen years of age, a fine scholar, and a youth of much promise. The funeral was attended at the Theological Seminary on Saturday last. The exercises were conducted by Rev. H. W. Beecher of Brooklyn. After a hymn sung by the Lockhart Society, prayer was offered by Rev. Charles Beecher. An address was then listened to from the presiding clergyman, in which a deeply affecting account was given of the early life of the deceased and his subsequent religious feelings. Touching allusion was made to the manner of his death, and the hope was expressed that though his life was thus suddenly terminated, he was in some measure prepared for a holier and happier existence above.

POLITICS.

The Republican members of the New Hampshire Legislature have nominated John C. Fremont as their Presidential candidate for 1860, subject to the decision of a Republican National Convention.

The Democratic Representative of Ohio in the U. S. Senate, George E. Pugh, spent the fourth of July in an effort to prove that the words "all *men*," in the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence, were intended to mean all *citizens*"; while the word "created" referred not to *birth*, but to the act of the government in admitting men to citizenship! What a profound discovery! We trust the people of Ohio are duly sensible of the honour of being represented by such a Senator!

The *Boston Courier*, of late years the organ of Hunker Whiggery, having concluded to enter the fold of the Sham Democracy and ally itself to the Buchanan Administration, signalizes its change by a gratuitous and unqualified approval of the Dred Scott decision. Judge Curtis, once its *beau ideal* of a statesman and a Judge, it now abandons as a *sectionalist*, who gave comfort to Disunionists and Traitors by giving an opinion adverse to the wishes of the Slave Power.

A Republican Convention for the nomination of a candidate for Congress, to represent the Tenth Congressional District of Kentucky, and a candidate for State Senator for Campbell and Kenton Counties, was held at Newport on the 9th inst. B. F. Sanford was nominated for the first office, and Charles G. H. Payne for the second. The candidates were present and signified their intention to canvass their respective Districts. The resolutions, though tame, set forth the substantial points of the Republican creed. We learn these facts from the *Kentucky Weekly News*, which will earnestly support the nominations.

The operation of that clause of the U. S. Constitution which, by counting three-fifths of the slaves in fixing the basis of representation in Congress and in the Electoral college, offers a premium upon the inherent villany of slavery, is well illustrated in the following paragraph from the Boston correspondence of the *Evening Post*.

"The vote given in Brooks's district, for Mr. Bonham and Mr. Sullivan, was 5,645. South Carolina has six representatives, and, if we suppose that this was a fair average vote, it makes her voting population amount to something less than 34,000. But if we put that population at 43,000, we shall find that she has a member of the House of Representatives for every 7,167 voters, and an electoral vote for every 5,375 voters. At the last Presidential election Maine gave about 120,000 votes, and her power in Congress and in the electoral colleges is just the same as that which South Carolina has! New Hampshire has half as many members of Congress as the Palmetto State, and casts, at local elections, more than 20,000 votes above the whole voting population of that State! What a democratic system ours is, that gives the lesser number of men the greater amount of power, and causes the difference to be based upon the existence in South Carolina of a class of men who are, according to Judge Taney, neither more nor less than beasts of burden, who, though the beasts of prey, help make the rulers of the nation! Even the Massachusetts vote is about four times as great as that of South Carolina, and our State has never been famous for casting large popular votes."

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on his Return home—He praiseth the West—Yet with differences—His love of crookedness—He condemneth William Penn—And wherefore—His treatise on Angles—He maketh a transition from Mathematics to Mayors—He celebrateth the height of Absurdity—His opinion of Fourth of July Orations in general—Of Mr. Alger's in particular—The folly of the Civic Government—The Jubilee of the Newsboys—The decay of the holiday—The Accident of the Evening—The Peace of the City kept the night before—The Celebration at Framingham, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, July 13, 1857.

HAVE I written to you since I returned home from following the Star of Empire on its way Westward? I have not a file of STANDARDS near at hand, so I am not sure of the point. However, here I am again, safe and sound, satisfied to return to the influences of the Star fixed in the East, though having no complaint to make of those of the Westering planet. I admire extremely the spirit of the people who go pioneering into new countries and laying the foundations of future empires, and I had great pleasure in seeing the miracles of their sudden growth and swift prosperity. But I like better admiring them at a distance. I enjoyed my visit greatly, but I should not like to make my home in a new country and its ways. As Charles Lamb says of the Quakers, "I do not love them to *live* with them." I like cities with narrow and crooked streets, diverging in all directions, like an ill-made spider's-web, and villages with roads expatiating in any direction except a straight line. Righteousness and Judgment are very proper things to lay to the line and to the plummet; but not streets and roads. William Penn was a great malefactor in this sort when, after the testimony of the Society of Friends against idle games, he selected a draught-board as the model of the ground plan of his City of Brotherly Love. He has corrupted and perverted, by his evil example, almost all the young cities and towns in the Western country. Any road in any of them, like the "simple Entepful road," of the Herr Von Teufelsdröckh, "leads to the end of the world," if you only follow your nose far enough. Commend me to streets which are finite, and which promote friendly communications by compelling travellers and sojourners to inquire their way. William Penn made a great mistake in trying to square the circle of Brotherly Love. I dare say the decay of Quakerism in Philadelphia is owing to the rectangularity of its ways. There was once a poem written called "The Loves of the Triangles," but who ever thought of celebrating in resounding verse "The Loves of the Right Angles"? The attempt would end in a *Reductio ad Absurdum*.

And speaking of Absurdity reduced to the last analysis naturally reminds me of our City Government and their Fourth of July Orator. We have not had so well-marked a case of *asinity*, in these parts, this long time. They didn't know enough to take credit for having hit upon an Orator who made an Oration that was actually read, and that by thousands and tens of thousands. It was enough to immortalize a dozen City Councils. It is a thing unheard of, or at least has never been heard of since Charles Sumner gave one, some ten or a dozen years ago, which so shocked the nerves of our Hunkerhood that a prominent member of the same (who afterwards distinguished himself by voting for the Fugitive Slave Bill) declared that he (Sumner) had cut his own throat by it. This prophecy, not having been literally fulfilled (though he did come pretty near having his brains knocked out), may have encouraged this new evil speaker against dignities. But it is notorious that the fact that a man had read a Fourth of July Oration would be taken for *primâ facie* evidence of lunacy or idiocy, so that the glory of our Civic Fathers would have been all the more glorious for having been the occasion of one which nobody could help reading, had they but had the sense to hold on to the credit they were naturally entitled to. But because their orator, in most felicitous phrase, precisely expressed the minds of a large majority of the inhabitants of the State, hitting the nail exactly and heavily on the head, the City Council, with a forty-Alderman power of stupidity, refused to give it a blessing or a baptism.

The Reverend William R. Alger, who has thus found himself suddenly famous, is a Unitarian Clergyman of this City, who had been selected by our City Council as the Scape-goat which was to carry the whole weight of civic stupidities and platitudes into the wilderness. He was appointed to suffer for the dulness of the whole people. His business was to put a small but select audience fast asleep in the Church, and afterwards set all who ventured on a reading of the service, after it was printed, into a state of catalepsy. But it so happened that they had most egregiously mistaken their man. The Scape-goat, instead of quietly trotting off to the Wilderness with the municipal foolishness upon his head, turned upon them, in a most unprecedented manner, and butted it back again in their faces. Such irregular and insubordinate conduct on the part of a Scape-goat was not to be forgiven; so, for the first time in the history of Boston, the City Government, both branches of it, refused to pass a vote of thanks for the Oration or to ask for a copy for the press! The crime being, as all your readers know well enough by this time, thanks to the pains taken by the Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council to publish it abroad, that Mr. Alger described the invitation of Fugitive Slave Bill Mason to insult the people of Massachusetts on Bunker's Hill, on the 17th of June, as an act of "complimentary flunkeyism." Surely, there never was a formula of words more exactly expressive of the thing done, as was proved by the instant understanding of them even by Aldermanic intellects and by the commentary which was as soon as possible put on the City records by the eagerness of these Dogberrys to write themselves down to all posterity the asses that they are.

Of course, the effect of this astonishing absurdity was to attract the attention of everbody to the Oration, and to excite universal curiosity to read it. The newspapers that had been lucky enough to get a copy, and sense enough to print large editions, reaped a copper if not a golden harvest. It was the jubilee of the newsboys. It was better to them than a bloody murder or a scandalous trial. The price ran up to a fabulous height. A quarter of a dollar was a common price for one on Sunday, and the market bare at that. Does history record a parallel instance within the last fifty years? I do not remember it. Mr. Alger will be long remembered as the man who introduced a living idea into a Fourth of July Oration, and who was actually read by thousands of people in consequence of the daring heresy. If he had let loose a live rattle snake from the pulpit, he could not have excited a more general consternation and caused a more durable impression among his auditors. Of course, his Oration will be printed in the usual form and be all the more looked at and looked up for the significant absence of the usual preliminary correspondence. And he will have the credit of having branded the sycophantic act of inviting the most insolent of the negro-drivers to flourish his slave-whip over a New England audience, on Bunker's Hill, in precisely the epigrammatic words which fitly describe it, which will pass from mouth to mouth from one end of the continent to the other, and which will be remembered until the act itself is forgotten. I rather think he can afford to do without the empty formalism of a vote of thanks from the City Government of Boston. A most emphatic vote of thanks will come back to him from the best hearts and minds in all parts of the country, for a word so excellently spoken and so exactly in season.

I don't know how it was with you, but it seemed to me, here, that there was not the usual amount of glorification on the Glorious Fourth. The trains did not come in so full from the country as usual, and the streets were not much fuller than usual in the forenoon. In the afternoon the attraction of two balloons and the fineness of the weather covered the Common with a lively crowd, and in the evening there was a great concourse to see the Fireworks. These, as you know, had a most tragical ending, through the shameful carelessness of somebody, in using a mortar for projecting some of the rockets or shells, which had not been properly made or tested. Two of the persons connected with the pyrotechnics and two spectators were killed by the bursting of this instrument of death, besides several who were wounded more or less severely. The blame is bandied backwards and forwards between the pyrotechnists who used the mortar and the iron-masters who cast it. I trust that it will be made to adhere to one party or the other, or be intelligently affixed to both of them. Such an accident ought to be made physically impossible, and might by no more care than should be insisted upon by the public, if such entertainments are to be encouraged by public appropriations. I must do the Mayor and Police the justice to say that the peace of the city was most completely kept throughout the night pending the Fourth. The two last years have proved that it is possible to do this, where there is a resolute purpose to effect it. It can be done in your city as soon as you can have a city government that represents something besides the dregs of the population. Ours represents the *scum*, which does not choose to be disturbed and accordingly is not.

I can tell you nothing of our Anti-Slavery Celebration at Framingham, that you have not already told your readers, or will tell them in a very short time. The weather was perfect, the attendance larger than ever, the speaking of that kind which we have the highest authority for saying is "dog-cheap" in the Anti-Slavery Meetings. I think we never held an Assembly of the kind that was more completely satisfactory in all particulars, esoteric and exoteric, of sun, air, shade, eloquent speeches in the public gatherings and friendly gossippings in the private ones, than at this. No accident occurred to mar the fullness of our satisfaction, and we departed "shut up in measureless content."

D. Y.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 686, contains the conclusion of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," a Review of the Life and Writings of Edgar A. Poe (from *Frazer's Magazine*), the last chapters of "The Dead Secret," and other interesting articles. 321 Broadway.

Summary.

Mr. Everett's oration has already netted $25,000, to be devoted to the purchase of the Mount Vernon estate.

Horace Mann received a letter from a young man in Indiana, who had been invited to deliver a Fourth of July oration, asking him to write his speech for him, closing his application by offering him two dollars for the production.

The Boston *Transcript* says that the graves of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Massachusetts, are in the Granary Burial Ground in Boston, without monuments to mark them.

THE COST OF LETTING A HAUNTED HOUSE.—In Marion County, Ohio, recently, one man sued another for the rent of a house. On the trial, evidence was adduced that the house was haunted, and the jury decided that the defendant be paid $15 as damages, instead of paying rent.

The estate known as Montpelier, in Virginia, and distinguished as the former residence of President Madison, has just been sold to Mr. Thomas J. Carson, late of Baltimore, but now of New York, for the sum of $37,250. The estate embraces 1,165 acres, and therefore realizes about $32 per acre.

The review of the Dred Scott decision, which occupies the whole of the Law Reporter for June, is the joint production of John S. Lowell, the editor, and Horace Gray, Jr., the Supreme Court reporter. The article is attracting much attention by its thoroughness and ability. It of course takes ground against Judge Taney and his associates of the majority.

Nothing seems to interfere with the steady prosperity of the Underground Railroad. During the last three weeks of abominable weather, twenty-four of the children of Slavery have been cared for by the Superintendent of the road in Syracuse, J. W. Loguen, and sent on their way rejoicing. One man sent his wife on ahead in a *box*, directed to the care of Mr. Loguen, which came straight through, and was opened by Mr. L., and the wife found safe and sound.

The Salem (N. J.) *Standard* says that a free coloured waterman from that place, some two years since, shipped for the West Indies, and subsequently went to Norfolk, where the captain of the boat induced him to go ashore and work, and then, having sold him, put to sea, leaving him in the hands of his purchaser. An effort is to be made to regain his freedom.

AN ANCIENT PIECE OF FURNITURE.—The editor of the Portsmouth *Chronicle* says:

"Being in York, Me., a few days since, we had the pleasure of sitting in a chair six hundred years old, which formerly belonged to one of the Doges of Venice, has stood on the "Bridge of Sighs," and is now the property of Capt. Putnam, of York, who brought it from the seat of its faded glory. It is of oak, quaintly carved, much worm-eaten, and with rude in-laying."

THE FRUIT CROP.—Several of our fruiterers, who have extensive correspondence with growers of fruit in different parts of the country, agree that the prospects, particularly as regards the apple crop, were never more promising. In this State and at the West, the trees are in excellent condition, but it is still too early to calculate with certainty on the extent of the next harvest. A year ago, the young fruit set very well, but the protracted drought which ensued dispelled the flattering prospect.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—This journal has consumed, the past year, 44,979 reams of paper, weighing 2,310,130 pounds. It gives regular employment to 176 persons, besides carriers, cartmen, and those employed in the job office. 176,000 copies of the *Weekly* are printed between 7½ a. m. and 2 a. m. the next morning. The mailers require from 18 to 19 hours to mail the *Weekly*, which makes from thirty to thirty-two cart-loads.

A BROAD HINT.—Ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, is reported to have lately addressed a popular preacher in these words, which may be said to indicate pretty generally the unprejudiced opinion of mankind: "The minister who preaches fifty-one Sabbaths of the year to please the people, and employs only the remaining one to preach boldly the deep, honest convictions of his soul, is the man to preach one Sabbath in the year to me, and that must be the one when he is outspoken."

The Pro-Slavery press insist that the Topeka Constitution is entitled to no respect, because it received only 1,731 votes. At that time the population was estimated at 30,000. When, a few weeks since, the delegates to the Convention about to be held were elected, the population was estimated at 60,000. And yet the aggregate vote will not, it is supposed, exceed 1,600. If, therefore, because of the smallness of the vote, the Topeka Constitution deserves no respect, what does the approaching Convention deserve?

The funeral services of Mr. Miles Darden, says the Jackson (Tenn.) *Whig* of the 18th ult., who died at his residence, in Henderson County, will be preached on the fourth Sunday in this month, five miles south-west from Lexington, Tenn. The Masonic fraternity will be in attendance, in full regalia, on the occasion. The deceased was beyond all question the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over one thousand pounds! It required seventeen men to put him in the coffin. It took over one hundred feet of plank to make his coffin. He measured around the waist six feet and four inches.

A row recently occurred at the Franklin House, in Canton, Ohio. A coloured individual, who had taken a seat at the dinner-table, was requested to vacate, but refused, when the landlord and his assistants used force, and ejected the coal black "republican." The Canton *Democrat* says: "The remark made by the darkey, after the ejectment was served on him, was quite interesting. He said if this was republicanism, to drive a man from a dinner-table provided for the public, he wanted no more of it. He reminded our Republican friend, Elli on, the landlord, that he electioneered with him last Fall at his coal-pits to use his influence for 'General' Fremont."

THE SPIRITUAL TEST IN BOSTON.—The committee appointed to conduct the spiritual test in Boston have published a statement that none of the conditions named were fulfilled by the mediums, and that the reward, therefore, has not been earned. The spiritualists will make a statement in reply. They allege that the trial was not a fair one, and that the conditions have been violated. We had a better test of spiritualism than any Boston experiment could afford. When the son of Henry Clay took the stump for James Buchanan, and the spirit of his great father did not rise from the grave, we made up our mind that there was no passing back from the next world to this.—*Providence Journal.*

THE FREE COLOURED POPULATION IN CHARLES COUNTY.—The citizens of Nanjemoy district in Charles County, Md., have held a meeting, and formed a "Mutual Self-Protection Association," the object of which is the better government, as well as the amelioration, of the wretched, idle and vicious condition of the free coloured population of that district. They have adopted a resolution that every free coloured person living an idle life, who shall not, by the 17th of July, procure a permanent home, shall be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for the remainder of the year. It appears that the farmers of the district have suffered severely by the dishonesty of the idle and dissolute portion of the coloured population, and have combined for self-preservation in the future.

FUGITIVES.—Our exchanges chronicle the escape from slavery of a number of Kentucky chattels. Some of them have been recaptured and taken back to servitude, while others have been killed. Some have entirely eluded their pursuers, and, if we are not much mistaken, we saw, the other evening, a wagon load of men and women, who love liberty dearer than life, making their way toward the North pole—seeking shelter under a monarchical government because they could not find it under the flag of a nation pretending to found its Constitution on equal and exact justice to all men. Persons fleeing from a free government to the dominions of a monarch for the crime of loving liberty are a sad commentary upon our country and its institutions.—*Weekly (Indianapolis, Ia.) State Jour.*

CHEEVER AND PILGRIM.—The late experience of the honoured pastor of the Church of the Puritans might suggest to one so familiar with Bunyan, and so able to wield "the Northern iron and the steel," some lines in Pilgrim's Progress, immediately after the Pilgrim leaves the House Beautiful. He had been as much cheered as Dr. Cheever has lately been by the sympathy of true Christian friends—and Bunyan just here puts in the following:

> "Whilst Christian is amongst his godly friends,
> Their golden mouths make him *sufficient mends*
> *For all his griefs*; and when they let him go,
> He's clad with Northern steel from top to toe."

—*Congregational Herald.*

REFUGEES' HOME.—We learn with great satisfaction that in the suit brought by the Refugees' Home Society's Agent, C. C. Foote, against certain poor settlers, our British courts have decided against the Society, upon the ground that as the purchase money for the land was begged in the name of the fugitives, they are entitled to the land without payment. The decision is said to be very agreeable news to the settlers. Indeed!! Wonder if "brother" Foote will continue to beg in any line but the clothes business now? "According" to brother Hotchkiss he will certainly leave. And so he should. —M. A. S. C.—*Provincial Freeman.*

MILLINERS TRYING TO COWHIDE A MAN.—Yesterday morning the citizens of Jeffersonville were aroused from their usual calmness, by the arrival of two female visitors from this city, who appeared bent on mischief of some sort or other. They put up at the Mansion House, and one of them sent a polite invitation to a prominent citizen of the place, that a lady wanted to see him. The gentleman, a professional man, promptly obeyed the summons, and, on being ushered into the parlour, was greeted in no gentle manner by one of the aforesaid ladies, who attempted to cane him with a small rattan. He seized the weapon, when he was assailed by the other fair dame in a similar manner. He succeded in disarming her too, and that's all we know of the affair. One of the assailing parties is in the millinery business.—*Louisville Jour.*, 18th ult.

A TIGHT PLACE FOR SENATOR DOUGLAS.—Senator Douglas was compelled on the 4th to listen to some disagreeable truths at Chicago. It was at the laying of the corner stone of the new Baptist University at Chicago, to which he had given the valuable site. The people of Chicago have raised $175,000 for the object, and the corner stone was laid on the 4th. Mr. Douglas was complimented highly upon his generosity, and was called upon for a speech, but he had a severe cold and excused himself. Mr. Arnold spoke in his place and uttered a splendid oration in favour of freedom and against the spread of slavery. Douglas had no means of escape.

The Boston *Post* says that the Hon. James M. Mason, one of the Senators from Virginia, has made a most favourable impression on the people of Boston, and seems to cherish an humble hope that the good folks of that city have found favour in the eyes of the Virginian. It says:

"We are sure he will return to his own home with convictions in favour of men and of facts here which will give additional ardour to his love of the Union, and increased strength to that fraternal feeling which is the only link that can render our nationality indissoluble."

Perhaps it is not too much to hope that, after all, this Mr. Mason may not consider it incompatible with his position to recognise as a gentleman the man whom Massachusetts has sent to the high legislative body of which he is a member.—*Providence Journal.*

CHURCH ACTION ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—At a meeting of Hanover Presbytery, held at Liberty, Va., on the 1st instant, the Committee to whom was referred the circular address of the Southern delegation in the late Presbyterian General Assembly (N. S.), held at Cleveland, Ohio, containing an account of the action of said Assembly on the subject of slavery, and a call for a Convention to be held in Washington, on the 27th of August next, with the view to the organization of an Assembly on a clearly defined basis, precluding all agitation of the subject of slavery, submitted resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, approving of the course of the delegates which withdrew from the Cleveland Convention, declaring that a separation of the Southern Presbyterians from the General Assembly should take place, and appointing delegates to the Washington Convention.

VALUE OF THE SLAVES OF THE SOUTH.—The New Orleans *Delta* estimates the number of slaves at the South at over three and a half millions, and their aggregate value, at present prices, at fully sixteen hundred millions of dollars. The cotton plantations in the South it estimates at about eighty thousand, and the aggregate value of their annual product, at the present prices of cotton, is fully one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. There are over fifteen thousand tobacco plantations, and their annual products may be valued at fourteen millions of dollars. There are two thousand six hundred sugar plantations, the products of which average annually more than twelve millions. There are five hundred and fifty-one rice plantations, which yield an annual revenue of four millions of dollars.

AN ANCIENT VOLUME.—The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible, in the possession of Dr. Witherspoon, of Alabama, written over a thousand years ago. He describes it as follows: The book is strongly bound in boards of old English oak, and with thongs, by which the leaves are also well bound together. The leaves are entirely made of parchment, of a most superior quality, of fineness and smoothness little inferior to the best satin. The pages are all ruled with great accuracy, and written with great uniformity and beautifully in the old German text hand, and divided off into chapters and verses. The first chapter of every book in the Bible is written with a large capital of inimitable beauty, and splendidly illuminated with red, blue and black ink, still in vivid colours; and no two of the capital letters in the book are precisely alike.

FRUGALITY AMONG THE NEGROES.—In the foundry of Gaty McCune & Co., at St. Louis, among its two hundred and seventy operatives are two negroes, who began life at the establishment, in 1849, as slaves. By dint of unflagging industry in due course of time one of them bought himself, wife and five children, paying for himself $1,400, and on an average for wife and children $800 each. This negro is now supposed to be worth in his own right more than $5,000 in real estate in that city. Another negro entered the factory about the same time, amassed sufficient money by his attention to duty to purchase himself at the price of $1,500, his wife at $500, and four children at $400 each, and is now worth $6,000 in real estate. These negroes were bought from their masters by Mr. Gray with the understanding that they should work themselves free, and out of his own pocket he gave two per cent. interest on the deferred payments. The children of both are now receiving an excellent education at the public schools of St. Louis.

A MISSOURIAN'S TRAVELLING BAG.—During the session of the Democratic National Convention in this city, a delegate (whether an insider or outsider, we do not remember, which fact we are particular to state, as the story is "most veritable"), having taken breakfast at the St. Charles, walked up to the counter and demanded his bill. He was asked what he had had, and his reply was—"Six brandy cock-tails, tea and toast!" This, so far as breakfast is concerned, is without a parallel. But an incident recently came under our observation well worthy to go down to immortality with it. A gentleman from Missouri was in attendance at Lexington at the laying of the corner-stone of the Clay Monument on the Fourth, and his baggage, undergoing investigation, was found to consist of a carpet sack containing four bottles of whiskey and two revolvers, one shirt and two collars. One of his travelling companions said that the shirt had been put in simply to keep the bottles from breaking.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THEODORE PARKER NOT TO LECTURE AT MONTREAL.—Our readers will recollect the controversy among the members of the Mercantile Library Association of Montreal, in relation to the invitation by the Directors to Theodore Parker to deliver a course of lectures. A resolution was passed requesting the Board to annul the engagement on the ground of Mr. Parker's infidel views. The Board, at a subsequent meeting, resolved that, as they had fairly made the engagement, they could not honourably break it for such reasons as were urged by the Association; that they could not allow the establishment of a religious or sectarian test to be applied to lectures on secular subjects in a secular association, without recording their dissent; and that another meeting of the members be called, and they be requested to reconsider and annul their former action, or to receive the resignations of the Board. The final meeting took place last Tuesday evening, and resulted again in the defeat of the Board, and the reaffirmation of the anti-Parker resolutions. The Board then almost unanimously resigned.

SHOOTING FUGITIVES ON THE FOURTH.—*Nashville*, Washington County, Ill., July 4th, 1857.—The citizens of this place have just been engaged in celebrating this anniversary of our independence, by holding an inquest over the body of a fugitive slave, who was shot last night in the vicinity.

It was reported in town yesterday that three runaway slaves were in the neighbourhood, and last night a large crowd started out in search of them. After scouring the country for several hours in vain, most of the crowd returned, but a detached party of some half dozen, in returning, met with the unfortunate fugitives in the road, some two miles east of the town, and ordered them to surrender.

The evidence before the jury on the indictment was that one of the negroes made fight with a pistol in each hand, and was shot by one of the party in self-defence. But the wound showed that he was shot while running, for a gentleman, who had examined the wound, told me that the hole made by the bullet was much larger behind than before. He was shot through the lower part of the abdomen, and died in about an hour and a half after. The other two fugitives made their escape, though they were fired upon as they ran, and it is thought by the party that one of them was wounded.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

AMALGAMATION.—*Eds. Daily Tribune*—Gentlemen: You are now handsomely "putting the saddle on the right horse," in charging, what you can prove, by a thousand living witnesses, that the South—the slaveholders—are the true Amalgamationists. This is nothing more nor less than calling facts by their right names. I say these are grave charges; but they are stubborn facts—facts that cannot be gainsayed, as every Southern man well knows, and could, if he would, testify. Being a Southern man myself, I know for myself that this is literally true.

I know a self-emancipated three-quarters—aye, five-sixths—*white coloured* man in this city (and who, by the way, reads and writes well, and is a man of good morals and good sense), who once courted, but for some cause did not marry, an amiable and beautiful daughter, whom her FATHER had by one of *his mulatto* women. This *father* was none other than the celebrated Senator Butler, of South Carolina.

The so-called coloured man can be seen any day; and he is fully competent to give all the facts in the case, for he was raised in the Senator's neighbourhood, and knew well the Senator's family, and his relative Gen. Waddy Thompson. But I have said enough for the present of the much I know on this painful subject. *O tempora! O mores!*—W.—*Chicago Trib.*

The Children's Aid Society is one of the noblest charities of our city. It has provided with homes, during the past year, about seven hundred and forty persons, and, from its foundation, no less than two thousand seven hundred. It picks up the little children who float as wrecks or waifs upon the currents of our depraved city life, and seeks them homes in the country. It has also six industrial schools, with an aggregate number of pupils amounting to one thousand and sixty-six. It maintains a *News Boys' Lodging-house*, for the shelter of a class of our juvenile population which has hitherto had no one to care for their souls. This is one of its best features, and deserves emphatic commendation. It maintains *Boys' Meetings* in different parts of the city. Mr. Tracy is its country agent for providing homes for the children, and is energetically pursuing his useful labours. Rev. Mr. Brace is the head of the whole scheme, and brings to his responsibilities the very best qualifications. This most excellent charity should receive the warmest sympathies of our citizens. How can rich men allow it to want a dollar?—*Chr. Adv. and Jour.*

RUNAWAY NEGROES IN ILLINOIS.—A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from Nashville, Washington County, on the 4th inst., gives an account of the shooting of a runaway negro in that vicinity.

This case, in some of the details, resembles one we heard of yesterday as having occurred at Sparta, in Randolph County. The report is, that three slaves ran away from their owners, near the Pilot Knob, in Missouri; that they were traced to Ste. Genevieve, where they crossed the river, three young men close upon their heels, and made for Sparta; that they were overtaken before reaching that place; that the negroes gave battle, and fired five shots at one of the young men, and that he then shot at and killed one of the slaves, and wounded another; that, worse still, he cut off the head of the dead negro, got alcohol, and preserved it in this way, intending to take it for exhibition to the Pilot Knob. We can hardly believe the latter part of the story. It is too horrible, too atrocious to be enacted by any man, unless in a moment of ungovernable passion. It is an act of barbarity which will call forth the condemnation of all men, however much provocation there may have been for it. We hope, for the honour of humanity, that there is some mistake—some gross exaggeration about the statement. One thing is certain, that it will find no justification—no palliation—no apologists among any considerable portion of our people; all will alike condemn and abhor it.—*St. Louis Republican.*

SLAVERY GOING SOUTH.—An intelligent and frank-spoken clergyman from the interior of South Carolina gives some interesting facts from his personal observation about Southern emancipation. He is satisfied that no philanthropic efforts can ever do half as much to make Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and even South Carolina free States as the "course of trade." He remarks that the droves of negroes passing daily through the interior of South Carolina, Virginia and other northern slave States, excites astonishment. Even South Carolina is suffering largely from white as well as black emigration, and Alabama and Mississippi are receiving almost as many recruits from the northern slave States as the West is from New England.

The gentleman above alluded to remarks that cotton cannot be cultivated in Carolina with the present high price of negroes, and half the planters would sell out and go to Mississippi if they could realize two-thirds the value of their property. Now, a field hand in South Carolina can only produce about six bales of cotton, or that proportion, whereas in Alabama or Mississippi, so much superior is the soil, the same hand will produce his *nine bales*. Such is the tendency to emigration of both planters and slaves in South Carolina that it is exciting serious alarm, especially as no foreign emigration is coming in to make up this growing deficiency of population, as in all of the free States. Such a state of things certainly looks as if the black population of Virginia and South Carolina would soon leave it exclusively to the whites, without the intervention of Abolition.—*Evangelist.*

FIDELITY OF A SLAVE.—At a meeting of the Palmetto Association of South Carolina, some weeks since, Mr. Keitt, in the course of a speech laudatory of the deeds of the South Carolina regiment in the Mexican war, related the following instance of devotion in a slave who was attached to the person of a brother of Preston S. Brooks:

"When another regiment fled, and all the horrors and scourges of war were pouring down upon the gallant Palmettoes, bathed in the blood of their comrades—when Shields said 'who will follow me?' and Butler said 'we will'—Brooks, yes, the stripling Brooks, cried out, 'yes, all will follow you to the death'—and he did. The same ball which pierced his body shivered his musket—and a shivered musket was to adorn the signet, with the motto *satis meruisse*. When this brother left home, Brooks told him, his father said to his old body servant, 'go with him and take care of him—I confide my son to you.' How did the good old negro act? When the baptism of blood was going on—when perils were lingering around—when hot ignition of stratagem was everywhere—with none to watch the wounded boy but this old servant, he was at his labour of love, taking care of his charge. Crushed bones worked out from the wound—he gathered them up and preserved them. The noble spirit passed out, and the corpse alone was left. What did the old and faithful slave? The regiment gave him a mule and cart—the soldiers helped him to make a rude coffin. With his own hands he placed the earthly remains of his beloved young master in this hearse—he conveyed it to Mexico—he carried it to Vera Cruz—he bore it on shipboard and by railroad to his old master's home, and delivered the body and the bones of her child to his widowed and bereaved mother, at the lintel of his birth-place. This is literally true. In classic story—in legendary annals—in ancient or modern time—where is the equal of this touching story?"

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for Standard, from June 1 to July 1, 1857.

No.	Name	State	Amount
940	John Tweedy, Pleasant Valley,	N. Y.	$4 00
936	Pliny Sexton, Palmyra,	"	2 00
888	Henry V. B. Tredwell, Poughkeepsie,	"	75
938	Mrs. M. L. Johnson, Earlville,	"	2 00
923	Blake Wales, Liberty,	"	1 00
884	M. M. Davis, Bemis Heights,	"	4 00
838	Seymour Hamilton, Ceres,	"	3 00
855	Elias Doty, Macedon,	"	2 00
940	David Wait, Copenhagen,	"	2 00
912	Dr. C. N. Campbell, Stanford,	"	1 00
942	Edward Marshall, Crown Elbow,	"	2 00
936	Joseph Carpenter, Mamaroneck,	"	2 00
884	Martha Smith, Plainfield,	Ct.	10 00
936	Lauren Wetmore, Waterbury,	"	2 00
936	Miss De Peyster, North Shore, L. I.		2 00
888	Charles L. Fiske, Greenfield,	Mass.	14 00
916	Female A. S. Society, Weymouth,	"	4 00
942	Mrs. F. Churchill, Plymouth,	"	4 00
937	Miss Mary G. Chapman, Boston,	"	2 00
916	Rev. W. H. Knapp, Sterling,	"	1 00
889	William S. George, Boston,	"	1 69
892	E.ward Brooke, Marlboro, O.		2 00
894	A. Brooke, " "		2 00
940	R. J. Gamble, Bell Centre, "		2 00
879	Priscilla M. Johnson, Mt. Healthy, O.		2 00
932	Rev. F. Frothingham, Portland, Me.		2 00
905	Frederick Hoover, Richmond, Ind.		2 00
888	J. M. Frost, Indianapolis,	"	5 08
927	A. Farnham, Fremont, Pa.		2 00
880	David Bull, Sugar Grove, Pa.		5 00
836	P. P. Winslow, Eolia,	Wis.	1 00
888	Laura A. McKee Delevan,	"	2 00
936	J. S. Hollinshead, "	"	2 00
904	Mrs. V. Chapin, Ann Arbor, Mich.		2 00
939	William Brolly, New York City,		2 00

DONATIONS.

Name	Amount
Miss De Peyster, North Shore, S. I.	$10 00
Aaron Phillips, New Hope, Pa.	5 00

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Receipts for the Quarter ending June 30, 1857.

Emily Tell,	$2 00	Jesse Webster,	$5 00
W. H. Furness,	15 00	James A. Wright,	50 00
A Friend,	5 00	David Ellis,	10 00
James Mott,	50 00	C. R. Smith,	1 00
Samuel Pennock,	4 00	H. Gordon,	2 50
Seth Lukens,	5 00	J. Farbeau,	5 00
George D. Price,	5 00	George W. Dodd,	25 00
George Atkinson,	10 00	Abby Goodwin,	10 00
Reuben Winslow,	8 00	E. Goodwin,	2 00
Mark Brooks,	8 00	J. Bassett,	1 00
Jesse Jeanes,	2 00	E. Bassett,	1 00
F. A. Elliott,	10 00	S. Woodnut,	1 00
Jeanette Jackson,	10 00	Hannah Williams,	5 00
S. & E. Beans,	3 00	D. B. Taylor,	5 00
Evelina Supplee,	10 00	James Still,	4 00
Daniel Neall,	20 00	Jacob Pusey,	5 00
John Hines,	2 50	Collections by Frances	
E. & S. Ely,	2 00	E. Watkins,	353 42
Sarah Pierson,	10 00	Publishing Agents,	425 50
William Malin,	10 00	SARAH PUGH, Treasurer.	

Special Notices.

☞ A LECTURE ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING AS AN ART will be delivered, by request, in the Progressive Friends' meeting-house at LONGWOOD, Chester Co., Pa., on SUNDAY, Aug. 2d., at 4 o'clock, p. m., by SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. Admittance free. The public generally are invited to attend.

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Just published, the "PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS," for 1857. The contents of the pamphlet are as follows: Minutes of the Meeting; Testimonies on Slavery, War, Capital Punishment, Temperance, Tobacco, Co equality of Woman, First-Day Meetings; Exposition of Sentiments; Report on Spiritualism; Correspondence—embracing letters from affiliated associations and from more than twenty different persons, among whom are the following, viz.: Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany; Rev. E. Buckingham, of Troy; Rev. Samuel Johnson, of Lynn, Mass.; Hon. J. R. Giddings; Charles K. Whipple, Francis Jackson, Rev. Samuel May, Jr., and Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston; Rev. M. D. Conway, of Cincinnati; Rev. W. H. Fish, of Cortland, N. Y.; Rev. Antoinette L. Brown Blackwell, of Newark, N. J.; and Rev. D. A. Wasson, of Groveland, Mass. Some of these letters are exceedingly valuable as testimonies in favour of Practical Christianity.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH. FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

No popular saying is more commonly accepted than the maxim which asserts that Time is the great consoler; and, probably, no popular saying more imperfectly expresses the truth. The work that we must do, the responsibilities that we must undertake, the example that we must set to others—these are the great consolers; for these apply the first remedies to the malady of grief. Time possesses nothing but the negative virtue of helping it to wear itself out. Who, that has observed at all, has not perceived that those among us who soonest recover from the shock of a great grief for the dead are those who have most duties to perform towards the living? When the shadow of calamity rests on our houses, the question with us is, not how much time will suffice to bring back the sunshine to us again, but how much occupation have we got to force us forward into the place where the sunshine is waiting for us to come? Time may claim many victories, but not the victory over grief. The great consolation for the loss of the dead who are gone is to be found in the great necessity of thinking of the living who remain.

The history of Rosamond's daily life, now that the darkness of a heavy affliction had fallen on it, was in itself the sufficient illustration of this truth. When all the strength even of her strong character had been prostrated by the unspeakably awful shock of her mother's sudden death, it was not the slow lapse of time that helped to raise her up again, but the necessity which would not wait for time—the necessity which made her remember what was due to the husband who sorrowed with her, to the child whose young life was linked to hers, and to the old man whose helpless grief found no support but in the comfort she could give, learned no lesson of resignation but from the example she could set.

From the first, the responsibility of sustaining him had rested on her shoulders alone. Before the close of day had been counted out by the first hour of the night, she had been torn from the bedside by the necessity of meeting him at the door, and preparing him to know that he was entering the chamber of death. To guide the dreadful truth gradually and gently, till it stood face to face with him, to support him under the shock of recognising it, to help his mind to recover after the inevitable blow had struck it at last, these were the sacred duties which claimed all the devotion that Rosamond had to give, and which forbade her heart to dwell selfishly on its own grief. It was not the least of the trials she had now to face, to see the condition of vacant helplessness to which he was reduced under the weight of an affliction which he had no strength to bear. He looked like a man whose faculties had been stunned past recovery. He would sit for hours with the musical box by his side, patting it absently from time to time, and whispering to himself as he looked at it, but never attempting to set it playing. It was the one memorial left that reminded him of all the joys and sorrows, the simple family interests and affections, of his past life. When Rosamond first sat by his side, and took his hand to comfort him, he looked backwards and forwards with forlorn eyes from her compassionate face to the musical box, and vacantly repeated to himself the same words over and over again: "They are all gone—my brother Max, my wife, my little Joseph, my sister Agatha, and Sarah my niece! I and my little bit of box are left alone together in the world. Mozart can sing no more. He has sung to the last of them now!"

The second day there was no change in him. On the third, Rosamond placed the Book of Hymns reverently on her mother's bosom, laid a lock of her own hair round it, and kissed the sad, peaceful face for the last time. The old man was with her at that silent leave-taking, and followed her away when it was over. By the side of the coffin, and, afterwards, when she took him back with her to her husband, he was still sunk in the same apathy of grief which had overwhelmed him from the first. But when they began to speak of the removal of the remains the next day to Porthgenna church-yard, they noticed that his dim eyes brightened suddenly, and that his wandering attention followed every word they said. After a while he rose from his chair, approached Rosamond, and looked anxiously in her face. "I think I could bear it better if you would let me go with her?" he said. "We two should have gone back to Cornwall together, if she had lived. Will you let us still go back together now that she has died?"

Rosamond gently remonstrated, and tried to make him see that it was best to leave the remains to be removed under the charge of her husband's servant, whose fidelity could be depended on, and whose position made him the fittest person to be charged with cares and responsibilities which near relations were not capable of undertaking with sufficient composure. She told him that her husband intended to stop in London, to give her one day of rest and quiet which she absolutely needed, and that they then proposed to return to Cornwall in time to be at Porthgenna before the funeral took place; and she begged earnestly that he would not think of separating his lot from theirs at a time of trouble and trial, when they ought to be all three most closely united by the ties of mutual sympathy and mutual sorrow.

He listened silently and submissively while Rosamond was speaking, but he only repeated his simple petition when she had done. The one idea in his mind, now, was the idea of going back to Cornwall with all that was left on earth of his sister's child. Leonard and Rosamond both saw that it would be useless to oppose it—both felt that it would be cruelty to keep him with them, and kindness to let him go away. After privately charging the servant to spare him all trouble and difficulty, to humour him by acceding to any wishes that he might express, and to give him all possible protection and help without obtruding either officiously on his attention, they left him free to follow the one purpose of his heart which still connected him with the interests and events of the passing day. "I shall thank you better soon," he said at leave-taking, "for letting me go away out of this din of London with all that is left to me of Sarah, my niece. I will dry up my tears as well as I can, and try to have more courage when we meet again."

On the next day, when they were alone, Rosamond and her husband sought refuge from the oppression of the present, in speaking together of the future, and of the influence which the change in their fortunes ought to be allowed to exercise on their plans and projects for the time to come. After exhausting this topic, the conversation turned next on the subject of their friends, and on the necessity of communicating to some of the oldest of their associates the events which had followed the discovery in the Myrtle Room. The first name on their lips, while they were considering this question, was the name of Dr. Chennery; and Rosamond, dreading the effect on her spirits of allowing her mind to remain unoccupied, volunteered to write to the vicar at once, referring briefly to what had happened since they had last communicated with him, and asking him to fulfil, that year, an engagement of long standing, which he had made with her husband and herself, to spend his Autumn holiday with them at Porthgenna Tower. Rosamond's heart yearned for a sight of her old friend; and she knew him well enough to be assured that a hint at the affliction which had befallen her, and at the hard trial which she had undergone, would be more than enough to bring them together the moment Dr. Chennery could make his arrangements for leaving home.

The writing of this letter suggested recollections which called to mind another friend, whose intimacy with Leonard and Rosamond was of recent date, but whose connection with the earlier among the train of circumstances which had led to the discovery of the Secret entitled him to a certain share in their confidence. This friend was Mr. Orridge, the doctor at West Winston, who had accidentally been the means of bringing Rosamond's mother to her bedside. To him she now wrote acknowledging the promise which she had made, on leaving West Winston, to communicate the result of their search for the Myrtle Room; and informing him that it had terminated in the discovery of some very sad events, of a family nature, which were now numbered with the events of the past. More than this it was not necessary to say to a friend who occupied such a position towards them as that held by Mr. Orridge.

Rosamond had written the address of this second letter, and was absently drawing lines on the blotting-paper with her pen, when she was startled by hearing a contention of angry voices in the passage outside. Almost before she had time to wonder what the noise meant, the door was violently pushed open, and a tall, shabbily-dressed, elderly man, with a peevish, haggard face, and a ragged gray beard, stalked in, followed, indignantly, by the head waiter of the hotel.

"I have three times told this person," began the waiter, with a strong emphasis on the word "person," "that Mr. and Mrs. Frankland—"

"Were not at home," broke in the shabbily-dressed man, finishing the sentence for the waiter. "Yes, you told me that; and I told you that the gift of speech was only used by mankind for the purpose of telling lies, and that, consequently, I didn't believe you. You have told a lie. Here are Mr. and Mrs. Frankland both at home. I come on business, and I mean to have five minutes' talk with them. I sit down unasked, and I announce my own name, Andrew Treverton."

With those words he sat down coolly in the nearest chair. Leonard's cheeks reddened with anger while he was speaking, but Rosamond interposed before her husband could say a word.

"It is useless, love, to be angry with him," she whispered. "The quiet way is the best way with a man like that." She made a sign to the waiter which gave him permission to leave the room, then turned to Mr. Treverton. "You have forced your presence on us, sir," she said quietly, "at a time when a very sad affliction makes us quite unfit for contentions of any kind. We are willing to show more consideration for your age than you have shown for our grief. If you have anything to say to my husband, he is ready to control himself and to bear you quietly for my sake."

"And I shall be short with him and with you for my own sake," rejoined Mr. Treverton. "No woman has ever had the chance yet of sharpening her tongue long on me, or ever shall. I have come here to tell you three things. First, your lawyer has told me all about the discovery in the Myrtle Room, and how you made it. Secondly, I have got your money. Thirdly, I mean to keep it. What do you think of that?"

"I think you need not give yourself the trouble of remaining in the room any longer, if your only object in coming here is to tell us what we know already," said Leonard. "We know you have got the money; and we never doubted that you meant to keep it."

"You are quite sure of that, I suppose?" said Mr. Treverton. "Quite sure you have no lingering hope that any future twists and turns of the law will take the money out of my pocket again and put it back into yours? It is only fair to tell you that there is not the shadow of a chance of any such thing ever happening, or of my ever turning generous and rewarding you of my own accord for the sacrifice you have made. I have been to Doctors' Commons, I have taken out a grant of administration, I have got the money legally, I have lodged it safe at my banker's, and I have never had one kind feeling in my heart since I was born. That was my brother's character of me, and he knew more of my disposition, of course, than any one else. Once again, I tell you both, not a farthing of all that large fortune will ever return to either of you."

"And once again I tell you," said Leonard, "that we have no desire to hear what we know already. It is a relief to my conscience and to my wife's to have resigned a fortune which we had no right to possess; and I speak for her as well as for myself when I tell you that your attempt to attach an interested motive to our renunciation of that money is an insult to us both, which you ought to have been ashamed to offer."

"That is your opinion, is it?" said Mr. Treverton. "You, who have lost the money, speak to me, who have got it in that manner, do you? Pray, do you approve of your husband's treating a rich man, who might make both your fortunes, in that way?" he inquired, addressing himself sharply to Rosamond.

"Most assuredly I approve of it," she answered. "I never agreed with him more heartily in my life than I agree with him now."

"Oh!" said Mr. Treverton. "Then it seems you care no more for the loss of the money than he does?"

"He has told you already," said Rosamond, "that it is as great a relief to my conscience as to his to have given it up."

Mr. Treverton carefully placed a thick stick, which he carried with him, upright between his knees, crossed his hands on the top of it, rested his chin on them, and, in that investigating position, stared steadily in Rosamond's face.

"I rather wish I had brought Shrowl here with me," he said to himself. "I should like him to have seen this. It staggers me, and I rather think it would have staggered him. Both these people," continued Mr. Treverton, looking perplexedly from Rosamond to Leonard, and from Leonard back again to Rosamond, "are, to all outward appearance, human beings. They walk on their hind legs, they express ideas readily by uttering articulate sounds, they have the usual allowance of features, and, in respect of weight, height, and size generally, they appear to me to be mere average human creatures of the common civilized sort. And yet there they sit, taking the loss of a fortune of forty thousand pounds as easily as Crœsus, King of Lydia, might have taken the loss of a half-penny!"

He rose, put on his hat, tucked the thick stick under his arm, and advanced a few steps towards Rosamond.

"I am going now," he said. "Would you like to shake hands?"

Rosamond turned her back on him contemptuously.

Mr. Treverton chuckled with an air of supreme satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Leonard, who sat near the fire-place, and whose colour was rising angrily once more, had been feeling for the bell-rope, and had just succeeded in getting it into his hand as Mr. Treverton approached the door.

"Don't ring, Lenny," said Rosamond. "He is going of his own accord."

Mr. Treverton stepped out into the passage, then glanced back into the room, with an expression of puzzled curiosity on his face, as if he was looking into a cage which contained two animals of a species that he had never heard of before. "I have seen some strange sights in my time," he said to himself. "I have had some queer experience of this trumpery little planet and of the creatures who inhabit it; but I never was staggered yet by any human phenomena as I am staggered now by those two." He shut the door without saying another word, and Rosamond heard him chuckle to himself again as he walked away along the passage.

Ten minutes afterwards the waiter brought up a sealed letter addressed to Mrs. Frankland. It had been written, he said, in the coffee-room of the hotel, by the "person" who had intruded himself into Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's presence. After giving it to the waiter to deliver, he had gone away in a hurry, swinging his thick stick complacently, and laughing to himself.

Rosamond opened the letter.

On one side of it was a crossed check, drawn in her name, for Forty Thousand Pounds.

On the other side were these lines of explanation:

Take this. First, because you and your husband are the only two people I have ever met with who are not likely to be made rascals by being made rich. Secondly, because you have told the truth, when letting it out meant losing money, and keeping it in, saving a fortune. Thirdly, because you are not the child of the player-woman. Fourthly, because you can't help yourself—for I shall leave it to you at my death, if you won't have it now. Good-by. Don't come and see me, don't write grateful letters to me, dont invite me into the country, don't praise my generosity, and, above all things, don't have anything more to do with Shrowl! ANDREW TREVERTON.

The first thing Rosamond did, when she and her husband had a little recovered from their astonishment, was to disobey the injunction which forbade her to address any grateful letters to Mr. Treverton. The messenger who was sent with her note to Bayswater returned without an answer, and reported that he had received directions from an invisible man, with a gruff voice, to throw it over the wall and to go away immediately after, unless he wanted to have his head broken.

Mr. Nixon, to whom Leonard immediately sent word of what had happened, volunteered to go to Bayswater the same evening, and make an attempt to see Mr. Treverton on Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's behalf. He found Timon of London more approachable than he had anticipated. The misanthrope was, for once in his life, in good humour. This extraordinary change in him had been produced by the sense of satisfaction which he experienced in having just turned Shrowl out of his situation, on the ground that his master was not fit company for him after having committed such an act of folly as giving Mrs. Frankland back her forty thousand pounds. "I told him," said Mr. Treverton, chuckling over his recollection of the parting scene between the servant and himself, "I told him that I could not possibly expect to merit his continued approval after what I had done, and that I could not think of detaining him in his place under the circumstances. I begged him to view my conduct as leniently as he could, because the first cause that led to it was, after all, his copying the plan of Porthgenna, which guided Mrs. Frankland to the discovery in the Myrtle Room. I congratulated him on having got a reward of five pounds for being the means of restoring a fortune of forty thousand; and I bowed him out with a polite humility that half drove him mad. Shrowl and I have had a good many tussels in our time; he was always even with me till to-day, and now I've thrown him on his back at last!"

Although Mr. Treverton was willing to talk of the defeat and dismissal of Shrowl as long as the lawyer would listen to him, he was perfectly unmanageable on the subject of Mrs. Frankland when Mr. Nixon tried to turn the conversation to that topic. He would hear no messages—he would give no promise of any sort for the future. All that he could be prevailed on to say about himself and his own projects was, that he intended to give up the house at Bayswater, and to travel again, for the purpose of studying human nature, in different countries, on a plan that he had not tried yet—the plan of endeavouring to find out the good that there might be in people as well as the bad. He said the idea had been suggested to his mind by his anxiety to ascertain whether Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were perfectly exceptional human beings or not. At present he was disposed to think that they were, and that his travels were not likely to lead to anything at all remarkable in the shape of a satisfactory result. Mr. Nixon pleaded hard for something in the shape of a friendly message to take back, along with the news of his intended departure. The request produced nothing but a sardonic chuckle, followed by this parting speech, delivered to the lawyer at the garden gate:

"Tell those two amazing people," said Timon of London, "that I may give up my travels in disgust when they least expect it; and that I may possibly come and look at them again, for the sake of getting one satisfactory sensation more out of the lamentable spectacle of humanity before I die."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. THE DAWN OF A NEW LIFE.

FOUR days afterward Rosamond, and Leonard, and Uncle Joseph met together in the cemetery of the church at Porthgenna.

The earth, to which we all return, had closed over Her; the weary pilgrimage of Sarah Leeson had come to its quiet end at last. The miner's grave, from which she had twice plucked in secret her few memorial fragments of grass, had given her the home, in death, which, in life, she had never known. The roar of the surf was stilled to a low murmur before it reached the place of her rest; and the wind that swept joyously over the open moor, paused a little when it met the old trees that watched over the graves, and wound onward softly through the myrtle hedge, that held them all embraced alike in its circle of lustrous green.

Some hours had passed since the last words of the burial-service had been read. The fresh turf was heaped already over the mound, and the old head-stone, with the miner's epitaph on it, had been raised once more in its former place at the head of the grave. Rosamond was reading the inscription softly to her husband. Uncle Joseph had walked a little apart from them while she was thus engaged, and had knelt down by himself at the foot of the mound. He was fondly smoothing and patting the newly-laid turf—as he had often smoothed Sarah's hair in the long-passed days of her youth—as he had often patted her hand in the after-time, when her heart was weary and her hair was gray.

"Shall we add any new words to the old, worn letters as they stand now?" said Rosamond, when she had read the inscription to the end. "There is a blank space left on the stone. Shall we fill it, love, with the initials of my mother's name, and the date of her death? I feel something in my heart which seems to tell me to do that, and to do no more."

"So let it be, Rosamond," said her husband. "That short and simple inscription is the fittest and the best."

"She looked away, as he gave that answer, to the foot of the grave, and left him for a moment to approach the old man. "Take my hand, Uncle Joseph," she said, and touched him gently on the shoulder. "Take my hand, and let us go back together to the house."

He rose as she spoke, and looked at her, doubtfully. The musical box, inclosed in its well-worn leather case, lay on the grave near the place where he had been kneeling. Rosamond took it up from the grass, and slung it in the old place at his side, which it always occupied when he was away from home. He sighed a little as he thanked her. "Mozart can sing no more," he said. "He has sung to the last of them now!"

"Don't say to the last, yet," said Rosamond, "don't say to the last, Uncle Joseph, while I am alive. Surely Mozart will sing to *me*, for my mother's sake?"

A smile—the first she had seen since the time of their grief—trembled faintly round his lips. "There is comfort in that," he said; "there is comfort for Uncle Joseph still, in hearing that."

"Take my hand," she repeated, softly. "Come home with us now."

He looked down wistfully at the grave. "I will follow you," he said, "if you will go on before me to the gate." Rosamond took her husband's arm, and guided him to the path that led out of the church-yard. As they passed from sight Uncle Joseph knelt down once more at the foot of the grave, and pressed his lips on the fresh turf.

"Good-by, my child," he whispered, and laid his cheek for a moment against the grass, before he rose again.

At the gate Rosamond was waiting for him. Her right hand was resting on her husband's arm; her left hand was held out for Uncle Joseph to take.

"How cool the breeze is!" said Leonard. "How pleasantly the sea sounds! Surely this is a fine Summer day?"

"The brightest and loveliest of the year," said Rosamond. "The only clouds on the sky are clouds of shining white; the only shadows over the moor lie light as down on the heather. The sun glows clear in its glory of gold, and the sea beams back on it in its glory of blue. Oh, Lenny, it is such a different day from that day of dull oppression and misty heat when we found the letter in the Myrtle Room! Even the dark tower of our old house, yonder, gains a new beauty in the clear air, and seems to be arrayed in its brightest aspect to welcome us to the beginning of a new life. I will make it a happy life to you, and to Uncle Joseph, if I can—happy as the sunshine that we are all three walking in now. You shall never repent, love, if I can help it, that you have married a wife who has no claim of her own to the honours of a family name."

"I can never repent my marriage, love," said Leonard, "because I can never forget the lesson that my wife has taught me."

"What lesson, Lenny?"

"An old one, my dear, which some of us can never learn too often. The highest honours, Rosamond, are those which no accident can take away—the honours that are conferred by LOVE and TRUTH.

THE END.

COLOURED CLASS-MEETINGS.

From Rev. John Dixon Long's Pictures of Slavery.

THE doctrines of the M. E. Church are more clearly and beautifully expressed in her standard Hymn-Book than in the Discipline, or in Wesley's "Sermons," or in Watson's "Institutes." The Hymn-Book contains both our creed and our liturgy. We teach the people to sing our theology. To its frequent use in the Church and at social meetings may be attributed the harmony of doctrine throughout the borders of our Church. The Hymn-Book is the coloured people's only catechism. Many of them could state the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel in the language of song. I have been conversant with their class-meetings for years, and am familiar with their peculiar manner and language in the relation of their experience. By putting language in the mouths of imaginary speakers, I shall endeavor to give the reader a correct idea of the ordinary exercises of a class-meeting composed of coloured persons. I shall give many of the very phrases I have heard them use. I shall do this, not to gratify impertinent curiosity, or to provoke the smile of a scoffer at things sacred, but to complete our picture of slave life.

I shall make one remark with regard to class-meetings generally. They are not secret societies, in the proper sense of those terms. I have attended them for twenty years, and never heard anything in them that I would be ashamed for any sensible infidel to hear.

Travelling preachers now-a-days seldom meet coloured classes, or know their coloured members when they see them. This may be accounted for thus: The circuits are getting wealthy and compact. Each appointment demands preaching every Sabbath. This requires three sermons a day from the preacher. He has therefore no time for meeting his coloured flock on Sunday, and this is the only time the slaves have at their disposal. This throws them exclusively into the hands of their white leader, who is, practically, preacher and pastor, receiving and expelling members at his option. The leaders are generally pious, good men; for no man will be a negro class-leader who is not crucified to human applause.

Come, dear reader, let us go to the Sunday morning class. The leader enters. His flock is waiting. He kneels in silent prayer for a few moments, then takes the Hymn-Book and reads:

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace."

After the hymn is sung, all kneel down, and the leader addresses the Throne of Grace in fervent prayer, responded to by hearty Amens by the class. After prayer, all take their seats. Some member, in a clear, full, strong voice, sings:

"Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.

"O that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love."

The reader relates his own experience in a few words, and addresses a short exhortation to the class.

A class consists of from 26 to 50 persons. Their names are recorded in a book, called the class-book; and are set down, not according to age, but with reference to the time each joined the church. Coloured persons often take the names of their owner; hence a husband may have one name, and his wife another, if she belongs to a different master. Opposite each name are ruled lines, at the top of which is the day of the month. Here is the name of William Benson. If he is present *p* is marked opposite his name; if absent, *a*; if distant, *d*; if sick, *s*; if dead, or sold to the South, his name is struck off the book. The announcement that a member has been sold produces a greater sensation than the announcement of his death would produce. Slaves raised in educated families use good language; but, in general, their words and illustrations harmonize with their lowly and oppressed condition. Fearing no criticism or conventionalities, they are perfectly themselves.

The name of John Gladding is called. John arises, and the leader thus addresses him: "Tell your class how you are prospering in religion."

John—"My brothers and sisters, I had a great desire to come here to tell you how I have been getting along in religion, in the past week. I tell you, brothers, that religion is good all the time, 'long the fence-roads as well as in the Church. I feel Jesus in my soul. I am bound for the kingdom. Pray for me that I may hold out, and hold on, and get to heaven when I die."

"Amen!" says one; "Glory!" ejaculates another.

Leader—"Watch and pray, John; he that endureth to the end shall be saved." A sweet hymn is sung:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

Leader—"Hannah More, what are your prospects of Heaven?"

Hannah—"My class-mates, I have deep waters to pass through; but, when I kneel in secret prayer the Lord does clear my sky. I have had two children sold to Georgia. I hope to meet them in heaven where parting will be no more, and see Jesus as he is. Glory be to his name forever!"

Henry Orum—"Brethren, I have my difficulties; sometimes up and sometimes down; but the blessed Lord knows that I do love him. I feel the witness in my bosom. I have nothing but a poor slave body; but when I get to heaven, I expect to be free, soul and body. I expect to endure hardness as a good soldier, and plough the furrow to the end, the Lord being my helper."

Another hymn is sung:

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay:
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May."

Aunt Milly—"Children, I have been travelling the narrow road for fifty years, and am not tired of the way yet; the nearer the fountain, the sweeter the water. Children, I never shall forget the day when Jesus washed my sins away. I was awakened under the preaching of the great Freeborn Garretson. I thought I was good enough till the Spirit got hold of me; then I felt that my heart was very wicked. I fasted and prayed; but my heart got harder. Then I thought there was no mercy for me. I was miserable. Old master said I was going crazy, and told me to keep away from the crazy Methodists; if I did not, he would give me thirty-nine lashes on my bare back. Then I went to Uncle Joseph, who had religion; he told me to pray on; that the darkest hour was just before the break of day; to look right up to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. I knelt down, and Uncle Joseph prayed for me; and I cried, 'Lord, have mercy on a poor African soul!' and bless you, children, I saw the light coming as a great ball of fire. My sins rolled off; I felt as light as a feather. My soul was full of love. I had the witness of the Spirit to bear witness to my spirit that I was the child of God. Then I prayed for old master. I joined with the people of God, and from that day to this the Lord has been my helper. My old class-mates have crossed over Jordan, and I am left alone; but soon I expect to join them, and walk the streets of New Jerusalem. The old Methodists, children, fasted every Friday, and prayed three times a day in secret, and they went to class and preaching through cold and heat, rain or shine. Be faithful, children; the old woman will soon leave you for bright glory above."

Another hymn:

"When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace will comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, 'The Lord will provide.'"

Henry Banning—"Brethring, my soul is hot; hot as pepper. Before I sought the Lord, I was a very bad negro. I got drunk, and took de name of the Lord in vain; but now I am a new creature in Christ Jesus, and on my way to hebben. I toats the witness in my breast! Bress de Lord, I feel dat my name is roten on his hands."

Singing:

"He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for *all* our race,
And sprinkles now the Throne of Grace."

Edward Ross—"My class-mates, I feel sometimes that I have no friends, like a strange horse in a pound, with all the rest of the horses kicking at him. I am trying to be honest, to watch as well as pray, to do as well as say. I don't want to be a hypocrite, to come here on Sunday and bleat like a sheep, and act like a goat all the rest of the week. Pray for me, my brethren."

Silence for a few minutes.

Aunt Sue—"My brothers and sisters, I am looking to Jesus. I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. My soul is bowed down with sorrow and trouble. I think sometimes I shall go crazy. Pray for me, my dear class-mates, that I may get safe at home at last."

The class sings as follows:

"Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us—whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide."

Aunt Sue was a free coloured woman, of remarkable piety. But there was so much anguish of soul depicted in her countenance that I felt sorrowful whenever I saw her, knowing, as I did, the trouble through which she had passed. Her husband was sold under the following circumstances: He was a slave, but sought to buy himself, paying the required amount in regular instalments. He had nearly succeeded in paying for himself, when his master died or failed in business. The poor fellow was seized by his master's creditors just as the golden prize of liberty was nearly within his grasp. I shall never forget his personal appearance. He was tall and well made, and was skilful in the use of the broad axe in hewing ship-timber. He was at work in the woods when the negro-catchers and kidnappers surrounded him. I learned that he at first had resolved to defend himself with his broad-axe, but, seeing his antagonists were too numerous, he surrendered, was handcuffed, and dragged from his wife, cheated out of his hard earnings, and consigned to hopeless slavery. This was the result of one man holding the legal right of property in another man. When high Heaven shall let loose the fires of righteous retribution on this adulterous and sinful nation, who shall be able to stand!

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Died June 8th, 1857.

Low lies the lion-like gray head;
The broad and bright blue eye is glazed:
Quenched is that flashing wit, which blazed,
The words that woke it scarcely said.

Those who but read the writer's word,
Might deem him bitter; we that knew
The man, all saw the sword he drew
In tongue-fence, was both shield and sword.

That sword, in the world's battle-throng,
Was never drawn upon the meek:
Its skill to guard was for the weak,
Its strength to smite was for the strong.

His sympathy was ever given,
Where need for it was sorest felt:
In pity that blue eye would melt,
Which against wrong blazed like the levin.

Not for his wit, though it was rare;
Not for his pen, though it was keen;
We sorrow for his loss, and lean
Lovingly over that gray hair,

To place the wreath, befitting those
Who like good men and true have striven;
By God, not man, he must be shriven;
Men guess and grope: God sees and knows.

—*Punch.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—The distinguished Danish novelist and poet has arrived in England and just issued his new work, "To Be or Not to Be." He is the guest of Charles Dickens.

——A very tedious Bishop having yawned during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed, "Come, come, the fellow shows some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province."

——It is stated in the Edinburgh *Witness* that government has been pleased to mark its sense of the services rendered to literature and science by the late Hugh Miller, by bestowing upon his widow an annuity of £70.

——DERIVATION OF THE TERM "CORDWAINER."—This is supposed to have originated from Cordovan leather, of which the finest shoes were made. The operation probably obtained in France the name of *cordovanier*, easily corrupted into our "cordwainer."

——Prince Metternich attained his 84th year on the 15th ult. He is in perfect health, and will take a journey into Bohemia in June. He has just had copies made of an unpublished work of his, "Hungary before, during and after 1844," to be distributed among his friends.

——The publication of Mr. Tennyson's new volume is postponed, says the *Literary Gazette*. The laureate has come to the conclusion that he has written too little for an independent publication, and, although the poems have now for some time been in print, their appearance is to be delayed till they can be accompanied by others.

——LITERARY PLAGIARISM.—The London *Athenæum* has been giving some severe and apparently well-merited hits to Sir Archibald Alison, who, in the sixth volume of his new History of Europe, has freely "conveyed" whole passages about events in India from Mr. Kaye's work; and, not content with freely using his facts, has even appropriated, in a wholesale manner, Mr. Kaye's very words, with scarcely an alteration. The *Athenæum* prints the parallel passages side by side, and establishes the charge.

——THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.—A letter from Rome, in the Augsburg *Gazette*, says:

"The printing-office of the Vatican is about to be re-established, in order to print the acts and a great number of documents connected with the Counsel of Trent. This great work is to be divided into two parts, each in three volumes in folio. The first part will record the proceedings of the council in the shape of a diary. The second will reproduce the correspondence of the apostolic nuncios, bishops and sovereigns, and a number of other documents full of interest."

——A rupture among those connected with the *North British Review* has led to the suspension of that able quarterly. The differences that have arisen are said to relate more especially to the statements made by Mr. Isaac Taylor, in a recent article on Chalmers, reflecting on the "superannuated logical theology" of the churches. At the conclusion of the session of the Free Church College last month, Principal Cunningham made the peccant article the sole topic of his address to the students.

——The late Sir Charles Napier expired like a soldier, on a naked camp bedstead, the windows of the room open, and the fresh air of heaven blowing on his face. Surrounded by the family and some of his brothers, he died. All his grieving servants were present, and at his feet stood two veterans of his regiment, gazing with emotion at a countenance, then settling in death, which they had first seen beaming in the light of battle! Easy was the actual dissolution, however, and as the last breath escaped, Montague McMurdo, with a sudden inspiration, snatched the old colours of the 22d Regiment, the colours that had been borne at Meeanee and Hydrabad, and waved them over the dying man.

INTRODUCTION OF CARPETS.—Carpets were known in Italy much earlier than in England; in this country, indeed, they were not adapted to the habits of the people in the reign of Elizabeth, and we find that even the presence-chamber of that queen was, according to Hentzner, strewed with hay, by which he meant rushes. The custom was not confined to England, but prevailed even in Italy after carpets had been first introduced. The use of rushes for covering floors is alluded to frequently by Shakspeare: in Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Scene 4, the following lines occur:

"Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels."

And Grumio asks, in the Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Scene 1—

"Are the rushes strewed?"

——The following trait mentioned by Dr. Davy in a work just issued, on angling, will probably startle a few who may have imagined the Lake district to be another Arcadia: "The Lake-poets, I believe, were not of the district; respected in their country, as they all were, it was, I am assured, rather as men than as poets. You will smile at what I am about to mention—and perhaps with better knowledge may question its truth—how a farmer's wife, a shrewd woman in her way, when one of these distinguished men was taken to his last home—on the family of the deceased poet becoming the subject of conversation—naïvely remarked, she supposed Mrs. ——, the widow, 'would carry on the business.' Such was her view of the divine art."

——A magnificently illustrated edition of the Poems of Tennyson, the poet laureate, has been very largely subscribed for by the London "trade," that is, a complete copy has been taken round to the principal booksellers in "the Row," who are allowed to have as many copies as they order at lower terms than the usual twenty-five per cent. discount, besides the privilege, when they take twenty-four copies, of getting a twenty-fifth for nothing. This illustrated Tennyson will have a fine portrait of the author, with fine engravings after Mulready, Stanfield, Cheswick, Maclise, Mellais, Horsley, Hunt and Rossetti. The publication will not take place until the Autumn, and the book will cost a guinea and a half, which is a pretty good sum for a single volume.

——The High Church journal, the *Guardian*, has a poor idea of May meetings. The addresses this year, it says, display "the same set form of speech, with its unctuousness and its slovenliness, its bit of flattery and its bit of jocoseness, its pointless anecdote and its cut-and-dried smiles, all stale and dead and wearisome to an intolerable degree. Nonsense and absurdity, formality and affectation, vapid and sickening declamation, common-place twaddle, empty and unmeaning assemblies, an utter want of reality, frothy and foolish small-talk, flashy speeches, shams of serious proceedings, laboured and painful efforts after something to say, forged and spiritless attempts to get up a little enthusiasm, pitiable outbursts of unchecked vulgarity and bad taste, which have made the May Meetings a by-word for silliness, display, and mock-excitement."

——If it is through trade that English art must be developed, we must not complain, for it was the demand of daily use that produced the gray enamels of Limoges, the gold stuffs of India, the fragile splendours of Gubbio's furnace, the strong and delicate goldsmith works of Cellini and his disciples. It was a demand for marble gods that produced the Apollo; and if the Parthenon had never been built, where would have been the Theseus, with that pliant back that poor Haydon used to rave over in Lord Elgin's work sheds? Let us but wish it, and our washing-jugs will become beautiful as Etruscan vases—our soup-tureens rival the green and orange gorgeousnesses of Master George—our knockers, a knob of griffins such as John of Bologna might have dreamed of—and our very cotton prints be stained and coloured with dyes as pure and harmonious as the flowers of spring.

——Douglas Jerrold's wit was so prodigal, and he prized it so little, save as a delight to others, that he threw it away like dust, never caring for the bright children of his brain, and smiling with complacent kindness at people who repeated to him his jests as their own! At the least demur, too, he would surrender his most happy allusions and his most trenchant hits. In one of his plays an old sailor, trying to snatch a kiss from a pretty girl—as old sailors will—got a box on the ear. "There," exclaimed Blue-jacket, "like my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs!" The manager, when the play was read in the green-room, could not see the fun, and Jerrold struck it out. A friend made a captious remark on a very characteristic touch in a manuscript comedy—and the touch went out—a cynical dog in a wrangle with his much better-half said to her, "My notion of a wife of forty is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

——SHAKSPEARE'S FAMILY.—The London *Times* contains the following letter from Walter Savage Landor:

"I have been reading, in Howitt's 'Haunts and Homes of British Poets,' a statement that some of Shakspeare's family are living in obscurity and destitution. God forbid it should continue so! * * * I know not whether I have said it anywhere, but I have often thought it, that all the poetry that has existed, from the song of the angels at the Creation down to the present hour, is not worth his and Milton's; nor has there been any philosophy so applicable, so generous, so sound. He and Defoe have afforded the most delight to their native land. Some little was done for the descendant of Defoe; shall nothing be done for the descendant of Shakspeare? Pardon, sir, my importunity. You have once made my voice heard; raise yours above it now in a cause more noble still."

——MISS DIX.—Miss Dix (of Boston, U. S.), who has taken so admirable a part in forcing the state of the Scotch lunatics upon public notice, appears to be a person of extraordinary devotion to her sense of duty. So feeble in body that she can scarcely walk half a mile, she has travelled over the whole of the United States, and induced nineteen of the local Legislatures to erect and endow State lunatic asylums. She has also extended her influence to the erection of light-houses and the establishment of life-boats on many parts of the American coast. When convinced of the horrid treatment of the mad in Scotland, and furnished with letters to the Duke of Argyle and one or two others of the ministry, she started from London, drove from the railroad station to their residences, and gained their promise of the commission of inquiry before she secured a lodging or changed her dress. —*London Illustrated News.*

——OLD AGE IN RUSSIA.—"There lately died," says a letter from St. Petersburg, in the *Constitutionnel*, "on an estate in the government of Vienna, a peasant named Michael Kniawelkis, who had attained the age of 137 years, 10 months and 11 days. He was born in a village of the same district, married at the age of 19, and had had, by several wives, 32 children, one of whom, a daughter, is still living, at the age of 100. He had never had any serious illness; some years before his death he complained that he could not read without glasses; but to the last day he retained the use of all his faculties, and was very cheerful. He frequently said that he thought death had forgotten him. Examples of great longevity are not rare in Russia. According to an official report there were, in 1828, in the empire, 828 centenarians, of whom forty had exceeded 120 years; fifteen, 130; nine, 136; and three, 138 years. In the government of Moscow there died, in 1830, a man aged 150. In the government of Keiff an old soldier died, in 1844, at the age of 153."

——DOUGLAS JERROLD.—The mortal remains of Douglas Jerrold were committed to the earth, in Norwood Cemetery, in presence of a large concourse of gentlemen known to literature and art, who had come together to indulge a generous sentiment at the grave of an honoured friend. The Pall-bearers were—Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Monckton Miles, M.P., and Mr. Bradbury. To many persons it will be interesting to know that the grave of Douglas Jerrold is immediately opposite that of his very dear friend Laman Blanchard.

We regret to learn that the constant and various demands upon the late Mr. Jerrold prevented him from making proper provision for those he has left behind him. A number of his most intimate friends have accordingly formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of organizing a series of theatrical performances, &c., the proceeds of which to be devoted to the benefit of the family. Everybody hitherto applied to has responded most readily to the call.

——THE STUFFED SKIN OF A ROYAL CAPTIVE.—Valerian, Emperor of Rome, was taken prisoner, and afterwards kept in chains by Sapor, King of Persia. He was either killed in a tumult or by order of his conqueror—fearful, perhaps, of losing his valuable living trophy—in the year 269. The body of the dead Roman Emperor was treated with no more delicacy than when it had tabernacled the immortal spark of a living one. It was skinned. The hide, after being tanned, was stuffed, painted red, and suspended in the chief temple of the capital. Here it remained for many years. It was the popular spectacle for holiday makers and visitors from the country.

But it was put to more important ends than this; it was made a diplomatic engine of much significance and efficiency. In after times it often happened that the Roman envoys at the Persian Court had misunderstandings, more or less serious, with the government to which they were temporarily accredited. When these ambassadors from Rome grew arrogant in their demands, it was the custom to conduct them into the presence of the stuffed skin of the old ex-emperor of Rome, where they were asked if humility did not become them at sight of such a spectacle.—*Monarchs Retired from Business, by Doran.*

——JOHANNA SOUTHCOTISM STILL EXISTENT.—Melbourne house, near Wakefield, the property of John Wroe (better known as Prophet Wroe), the acknowledged successor of Johannah Southcote, was opened on Sunday last, at daybreak. The attendance numbered about 250 (males and females), and consisted of delegates from various parts of the world—The United States, Germany, Australia, and the principal towns of Great Britain and Ireland. The novelty of so large a number of this peculiar sect being gathered together, for the purpose of holding their annual conference, naturally attracted a large concourse of persons to the spot, and those who were present at the ceremony, which commenced by a procession of the entire body dressed in white garments, designated the scene as singular and interesting. After parading the ground, the whole company entered "The Temple," followed by Mr. Wroe, who, at the termination of the ceremony, supplied them with an excellent repast.—*Leeds Mercury.* [There is a meeting of Johannah Southcotians every Sundry afternoon, in a carpenter's shop, in a street off the Walworth road. The preachers are women, over whose heads the men hold banners, and stand by to protect them with drawn swords. The paraphernalia are highly imposing.]—*Morning Chronicle.*

——MISS BRONTE'S LIFE AT HAWORTH.—The late Mrs. Nicholls (Miss Brontë) is held in affectionate remembrance at Haworth, and, now the deceased lady's name is being prominently brought before the public, many stories are told of her goodness and kindness which, notwithstanding her retiring disposition, found many opportunities of displaying itself. The memoirs of her life, recently published by Mrs. Gaskell, are extremely popular, and are eagarly read and criticised. On all hands ready testimony is borne to their general accuracy; the story of the "Haworth Riots," when the unpopular Mr. Redhead was driven from the church, being stoutly maintained, notwithstanding that the transaction is not very creditable to the "rough and ready" villagers. One enterprising bookseller enriched his shelves with a copy of Mrs. Gaskell's book on its first issue, and is now lending the volumes at the rate of one shilling per volume per week for reading. Even at that price the work is in great request among the class who cannot purchase it for themselves. Haworth, too, is attracting its full share of attention, and its long straggling village, its old parsonage, its church (partially rebuilt during the barbaric eighteenth century), the tombs of the Brontë family, and its wild hills and bleak moors, are being visited by "pilgrims" from the surrounding manufacturing towns, and every spot is dwelt upon with interest. The villagers talk with avidity of the deceased, and treat their visitors, if with rough, at least with hearty courtesy.—*Daily News.*

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